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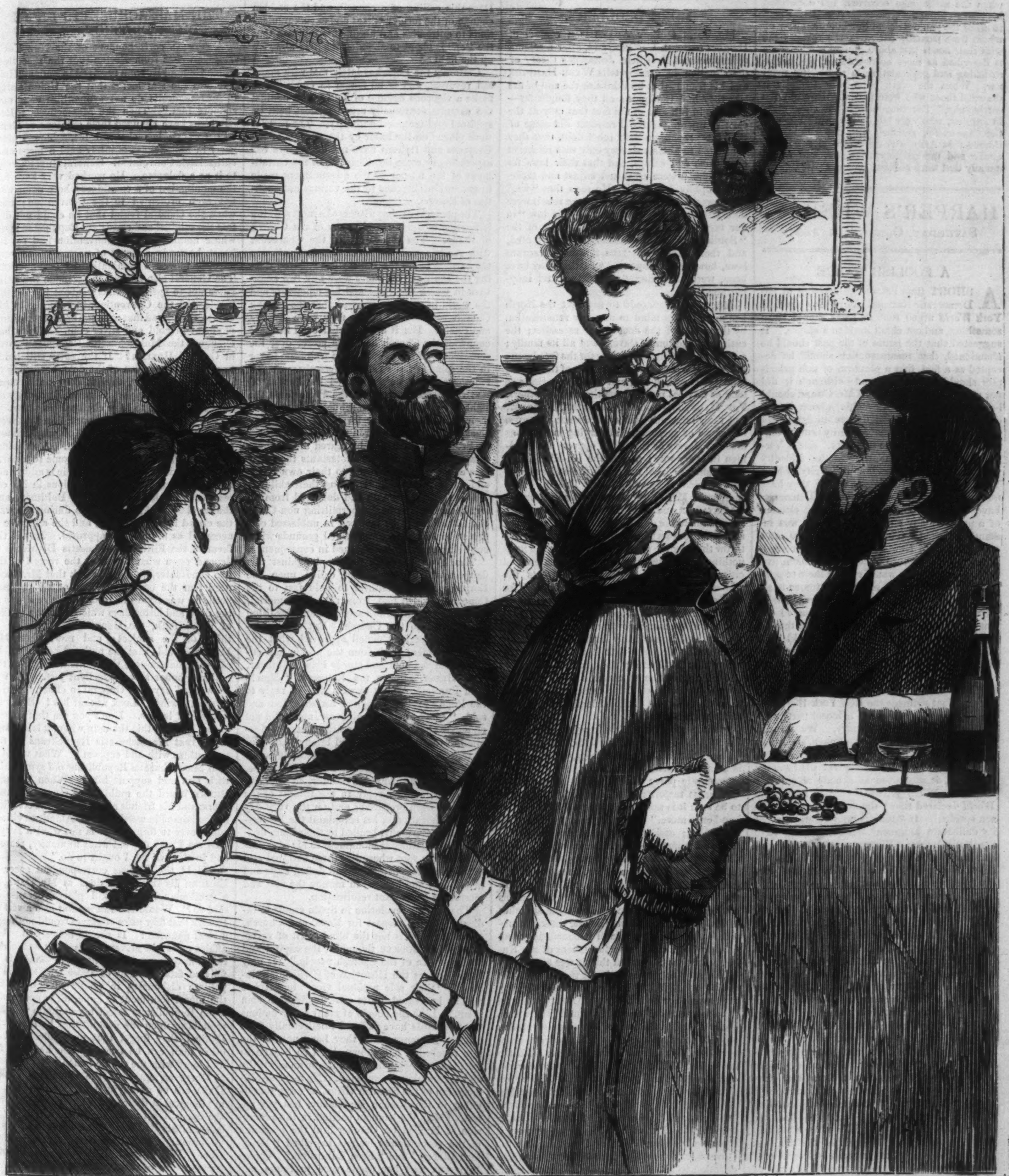


"OUR NEXT PRESIDENT."—[Drawn by Winslow Homer.]

## ARICA AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.

The latest intelligence in regard to the effects of the terrible earthquakes of the 13th and 16th of August, in many of the towns along the coast of Peru and Ecuador, indicates that the first rumors received here were not extravagant. We illustrate on page 693 the condition in which Arica was left by the shocks of the 16th. The town was laid in ruins by the earthquake at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Half an hour afterward the lower part of the town was submerged by an earthquake wave, when the first wave receded, the shipping in the bay was lying in eight fathoms of water. The ships all grounded, leaving about 6 feet of water alongside. The second return wave was a breaking one, at an elevation of about 60 feet, which destroyed the American store-ship *Fredonia*, with all on board, the Peruvian bark *Rosa Riviera*, the brig *Edoardo*, with all hands, and the Peruvian frigate *Americana*, which was thrown 300 yards above high-water-mark. Her principal officers, with about 130 of her crew, were drowned. The bark *Chanarcillo* was also thrown 500 yards above high-water-mark. Captain Fox was on shore when the earthquake occurred, and dispatched his boat to bring the crew of his vessel to the land to assist the panic-stricken inhabitants, many of whom were partially buried in the ruins, some with their heads just above ground. The scene is described as most heart-rending, the people shrieking and gesticulating in a dreadful manner. When the wave burst over the city it drowned those who were partially buried by the earthquake. The remainder of the crew, eight in number, who were left on board in charge of the *Chanarcillo*, perished with her. It is considered that Arica was the centre of the earthquake and the earthquake waves, and consequently that town suffered the most.

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 31, 1868.

## A FOOLISH FARCE.

A SHORT time before the meeting of the Democratic National Convention the New York *World* urged that its party should learn something, and not chain itself to a corpse. It suggested that the issues of the past should be abandoned, that reconstruction should be accepted as a fact, that a platform of safe principles should be adopted, and—although it did not mention his name—that Mr. Chase should be nominated upon it. This advice, which could only have proceeded from an extremely youthful counselor, was instantly and indignantly spurned. "The difficulty," said a Virginia Democrat at the time—"the difficulty with the Democratic leaders in the city of New York who inspire the *World* is that they have no convictions." Now the Southern Democrats have convictions, and, as the positive element of a party usually governs, the *World* was instantly silenced. The Southern leaders came triumphantly to New York, declared for repudiation of the expense of conquering them, and for a candidate who would restore them to power by the sword. The party, accustomed to receive its policy from beyond the Potomac, yielded without a word. Having nominated the candidates and dictated the platform, the old leaders stepped into Union Square, told their followers that they were to stand by with bayonets if the leaders did not have their way about "the white vote," and having given the key-note to the canvass went home.

From that moment the New York *World* began the most shameless and indecent party warfare ever known in this country. When it did not paint General Grant as a knave, it derided him as a fool. The platform, which was directly opposed to its scheme of a true platform for the party, it supported as a body of political wisdom. When Wade Hampton spoke, the *World* declared that "the true American citizen speaks." It "took pains to state" that in its deliberate judgment "nothing could save the Radicals from a Waterloo defeat in November......The Democracy will, nevertheless, triumph by carrying Northern, Western, and Border States enough to constitute a clear majority of the electoral ticket......The Democracy will carry all the Southern States except, perhaps, one." According to the *World* the election was after all merely a form, and it was only reasonable to suppose that Seymour and Blair would be unanimously elected. Vermont spoke, but Vermont was nothing. Maine spoke, but, truly understood, twenty thousand Republican majority in that State meant the election of Seymour. Connecticut showed in her town elections a significant, if not decisive, Republican gain; but that was "good news." Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Nebraska thundered, but it merely indicated that there might be some show of opposition to Seymour's election.—The next day the *World* demanded a total change of policy and the withdrawal of the candidates.

This was the crowning folly of an extremely foolish newspaper. It repeated the demand. It asserted that "what is needed is some event," and indicated that it meant the withdrawal of General Blair. The next day it said that nothing could surpass the spirit of the party, and that it waited for "the new order of battle." This all means that, as the country has now shown that it rejects the policy of the Democratic party, certain gentlemen had better say that the Democratic party renounce it. If one mask is not agreeable, by all means put on another. But the difficulty is not in the mask: it is in what is behind it. Wade Hampton and Forrest behind Horatio Seymour, or John Quincy Adams, or General Hancock, or Judge Chase, are still Wade Hampton and Forrest. It is the spirit, the purpose, the character of the Democratic party that is the national peril, not Seymour or Blair. "Let's call this sword a rose-leaf," says the *World*, "and every body will think June is just at hand." "We beg to say," reply the serene Tilden, the patriotic Belmont, and the practical Schell, "that the sword is a sword, and we are not afraid." They are wise, at least. The people of this country know a sword when they see it, whatever it is called. They have seen this sword all summer, and they propose to sheathe it on the 3d of November.

## MORE DROLLERY.

Mr. John Quincy Adams is a comedian. He goes to South Carolina, and, after a solemn restatement of President Johnson's theory of the situation, he gravely tells Wade Hampton and his friends that he thinks at the end of the war they had renounced all they fought for—and this in full face of the fact that only at the earnest urgency of the President did some of the States repudiate their rebel debt, that they consented to abolish slavery only with reluctant conditions and delays, and that their laws for the freedmen were cruel and unjust and therefore stupidly impolitic. He says that "we," meaning the loyal country, after the rebels were defeated, dashed through the organic law "in our turn." He asserts that the temper of the "Southern mind" was grossly misrepresented, and then adds that "the Southern vagrant laws, however humane and wise they may have been, were exceedingly unfortunate and inopportune."

Mr. Adams proceeds to say that the North has made up its mind to an utter renunciation by the South of the doctrine of secession; the entire extirpation of slavery and all its family; a fair and untampered career for the freedmen; and the equal right of every citizen of the United States to travel, speak, and live in any State so long as he does not infringe the right of others. Yet Hampton, Toombs, Langton, Forrest, and their influence and spirit do not renounce the cause of secession; are trying to retain as much of slavery as they can; oppress the freedmen in every way; inspire the Ku-Klux Klan, which pursues loyal men with fire and sword—and nominated Seymour and Blair. And thereupon Mr. John Quincy Adams hurrahs for Seymour and Blair. Mr. Adams advises submission to the *de facto* governments, and then shouts for those whose declared policy is to overthrow them by the sword. He says that he finds nothing but kindness expressed for the colored citizens, and then pathetically entreats the whites not to oppress them, and begs, "for God's sake," that they be not made hopeless by needless anger or ill blood. It is not true that this is a white man's government, exclaims Mr. Adams, and immediately hurrahs for General Blair, who declares that it is. We do not mean that he literally shouted for Seymour and Blair; but he appeared in South Carolina as the supporter of those candidates, himself expecting the vote of their friends for Governor of Massachusetts.

"There must be no class hopelessly excluded from political privilege," says Mr. Adams; and he has left the Republican party, of which this is a cardinal principle, to bring into power the Democratic party which scornfully rejects it. "A great majority of all the North only wait to be sure it is safe to take you cordially by the hand once more." That is again the Republican feeling; and would Mr. Adams, with history and human nature at hand, wish it to be different, or believe that otherwise there could be peace? The action of Mr. Adams's Southern friends in reorganizing their States, and in the Democratic Convention, shows that it was not safe up to that time. Have the speeches of Mr. Hampton and his friends, their alternative to the colored people of Democratic voting or starvation, and the performances of the Ku-Klux Klan since, proved that it was safe?

We have no reason to doubt that Mr. Adams means well. When he says that he finds upon conversation with Mr. Wade Hampton that he is no more a rebel than he is himself, there is no doubt that Mr. Hampton left that impression upon Mr. Adams's mind. Mr. Hampton probably does not intend immediately to take the field. But if Seymour and Blair were elected, and the spirit and principles of Mr. Hampton obtained control of the Government, does Mr. Adams think it would be a beneficial result to the country? Of course he does, for he is working to that end. But to other men it seems only safe and fair and sensible that the Government should be intrusted to those whose devotion to liberty and justice and equal rights has been as long and cherished a tradition as that of Mr. Seymour and Mr. Wade Hampton to the most cruel injustice. We should like to hear from Mr. John Quincy Adams a statement of his reasons for believing that a party which includes all the most disaffected persons to the Government in the country, whose political theories are essentially hostile to equal liberty and logically produced the war, and which demanded national dishonor and forcible revolution as the platform of a campaign, is a party which honorable and loyal men should support by their speeches or votes.

## THE POPE'S TROUBLES.

Is the Pope upon the point of abandoning his field—perhaps surrendering—that he has lately called an Œcumenical Council of all his bishops and archbishops, and in an apostolic letter addressed to all non-Romish religious organizations urges them to return to the bosom of the Church? Does the military maxim which has been so often proved in conflicts of arms hold good in religious revolutions also? Is there confusion and not wisdom in a multitude of religious as well as military counselors? Does this calling of a council, and the sudden change of the former curses and excommunications to entreaties and arguments indicate that the Pope is about to abandon the field and give up the fight?

Certainly the Pope has lately met with many sad reverses, and is no longer in condition to make a vigorous defense of his Church against the assaults continually urged against both its spiritual and temporal authority. The restrictions placed on the latter by the success of the Germans and Italians have not been more exasperating or more significant than the curtailment of the former by the advancement made in general intelligence by the various nationalities of Europe.

The present year has witnessed a most striking indication of the changed power of the Church of Rome. The revocation of the Concordat with Austria and the revolution in Spain are the hardest blows the Papacy has suffered during the century. If there were any two countries in which the Pope and his adherents and the world in general supposed that the Roman Church retained its power they were Austria and Spain. But it appears that even in these countries the Church has little power over the consciences of the people, and inspires no terror in the minds of the ruling monarchs. A few months ago the newly-elected Parliament of Austria passed laws giving the Protestants the right to control their own schools and to teach their children whatever form of religion they pleased; allowing children of Catholic mothers by Protestant fathers to be reared in the Protestant faith, granting to Protestants the privilege of marrying according to their own forms and ceremonies without having their children pronounced illegitimate and debarred from all legal benefits, and finally permitting non-Catholic Christians to be inclosed in unblessed coffins and interred in unsanctified grounds without being eternally condemned in consequence.

The Pope solemnly protested against this dangerous innovation, and called upon the Emperor and the faithful to hold fast to the Concordat which had, from time immemorial, given the education and salvation and perdition of all souls to the Church. But the newly-selected Imperial Council approved what the new Parliament fresh from the people had enacted, and the bold and sturdy Prime Minister, Von Beust, said to the Emperor, "Sign!" And Francis Joseph signed, and in reply to the Pope's protest shrugged his shoulders and said, "I had to sign or abdicate, and I did not choose to abdicate." The sturdy Beust also replied to the Pope's letter, and briefly but plainly told Pius IX. that he was meddling in affairs that did not concern him. Meantime, just across the Austrian border, in the city of Worms, another reply to the protest of the Pope had been prepared; and on the very day of the publication of his complaint the Protestants of all Germany, headed by their king, dedicated a magnificent monument to Martin Luther on the spot where just three hundred and fifty-seven years before he had defied Pope and priesthood, and had set in motion the vast and increasing Protestant reformation.

The present revolution in Spain seems to indicate that the respect for Pope, and Church, and priesthood is not the blind spirit of reverence which Buckle thought "the capital and essential vice of the Spanish people." It may have been, as the Historian of Civilization declared, "their sole national vice," but it has not, as he feared, quite yet "sufficed to ruin them." Like the people of many other nations the Spaniards have suffered intellectually from priestly influence; but they have not, as the late revolution has shown, been so broken in spirit as to accept without murmur an unworthy and ignominious submission. No more significant sign of the Spanish virtue, or more threatening to the Roman supremacy, has yet appeared than the banners carried in the procession at Madrid on October 3 at the reception of the revolutionist leaders inscribed "Religious Liberty" and "Free Education." Queen Isabella and her whole race in Spain and France have ever been faithful children of Rome. She has frequently protested her spiritual allegiance to the Pope, and often offered to send troops to the defense of Rome when she could hardly have mustered a loyal squad to defend her own person. Her vehement protestations and offers of aid were made to propitiate France and the rest of Catholic Europe. She could send no troops to the Pope for the reason that the Spaniards refuse to serve in the Papal army. That little squad of ten thousand men is almost wholly composed of Swiss, Austrians, and Frenchmen. There is one Italian battalion, but no German or Spanish organization of any character.

The Pope's firmest foothold seems to be in South America; and should the cry of "united Italy" be once more inspired by the Republican movement in Spain, the Holy Father may yet turn longingly to the scene of his early labors as a Dominican friar in Brazil. But, alas! one of the most vigorous of the allies of Brazil has just chosen a former schoolmaster and editor to be its President. And what has the Pope to hope from a continent of republics, schoolmasters, and editors?

## THE MASSACHUSETTS FIFTH DISTRICT.

A special correspondent of the New York *Tribune* writes from Boston that the reception which General Butler received in Faneuil Hall "refutes the statements that the Union party in Massachusetts do not sympathize with nor support him." Then the Massachusetts Republicans have changed their opinions or General Butler has changed his. The Union party in Massachusetts lately held a large and enthusiastic Convention. General Butler went to it as a delegate. He worked very hard for the nomination of a candidate whose name was not even presented to the Convention; and when the General found that he could not defeat the original and consistent Republican upon whose nomination the Convention had set its heart, he made a virtue of necessity and very adroitly moved a nomination by acclamation. The General also labored to persuade the delegates not to speak distinctly about paying the bonds, and the Convention, in response to his efforts, thundered that common honesty required payment in gold and silver coin. Which has changed, the Massachusetts Republican party or General Butler? If the party still holds to an honest payment of the debt, according to its letter and spirit, then it does not sympathize with nor support General Butler, who does not pretend to have changed his views.

The Convention at Worcester, like the meeting at Faneuil Hall, was in high good-humor, and loudly cheered the General. A dashing, smashing speaker is always welcome to a party meeting; and when to his rhetoric is added admiration of certain vigorous actions in his career, such as the occupation of Baltimore and the regulation of New Orleans during the war, the crowd lustily applauds, and the applause is accepted as a universal approval. But if the favor of the Fifth Massachusetts District is to depend upon what is called the record of the two candidates, we do not think that Mr. Dana need fear the ordeal. When, at his personal peril, he was trying to rescue fugitive slaves in the dark and bitter days which tried the quality of men's faith, the General was refusing to think of the subject; and now, when Mr. Dana demands that the national honor shall be sacredly maintained, the General laughs at the national honor as an excellent jest. "I will show you," says the General in effect, "a trick worth knowing. Look at that law! Study its words and letters. Don't you see that we can outwit it?" Is this the man whom it is a shame to say that Massachusetts Republicans do not sympathize with and support? What would it be if Massachusetts Republicans *did* sympathize with him and support him? When Edmund Burke heard the quibbles of George Grenville and his friends about taxing the colonies, he exclaimed in words that no American citizen ought ever to forget, "It is not what a lawyer tells me I may do, but what humanity, reason, and justice tell me I ought to do."

Would the *Tribune* correspondent sneer at Edmund Burke, as it does at Mr. Dana, as a gentleman in white kid gloves, because he said so? Would the *Independent* also assert of Burke that fifty pairs of gloves would not make a steel gauntlet? Is simple honesty in public affairs mere kid-glovery? Is open and elaborate knavery manly and heroic? There is no folly so fatal as that of those who defend or palliate dishonesty in public affairs. When the moral sentiment is gone, all is gone; and when Republicans select a candidate who is a repudiator upon the ground that he is a trusty Radical, they forget that no Radical and no other man can be trusted when he plays fast and loose with the public honor.

Moreover, some of the opponents of Mr. Dana are as unfair in their assertions as they are illogical in their method. They allege that the opposition to General Butler is really because of his Radicalism, not because of his repudiation. They must know that this is not true. When Radical Republicans in other States wrote to their friends in the Essex district in the early summer to know if there could not be a candidate for Congress in that district who accepted both of the great principles of the party in this canvass, the reply was that nobody wanted the nomination so much as the General, and he would secure the Primaries and have the Convention. He did this, and so received the nomination. But meanwhile the conviction became deeper that the matter ought not to go by default; that some resolute effort should be made to show the Republican party in the country that the Republicans of no district in Massachusetts felt that a repudiator was their proper representative; and when the name of Mr. Dana was proposed he was urged to accept the nomination in the name and for the good fame of the party every where.

Granting that General Butler was a serviceable officer in the war, so was the former Republican General Slocum here in New York. But when he adopted Democratic principles the Republicans voted against him. General Butler has not indeed renounced the Republican policy of reconstruction, but he has renounced the Republican financial principle, and upon that point, cardinal, vital, he is no more a Republican than Mr. Pendleton. General Butler is undoubtedly a Radical upon one of the two planks of the platform—upon the other he is not a Republican at all. It is not because of his radicalism, it is because of his falling under the ban of the national Republican platform which declares "all forms of repudiation a national crime" that General Butler is properly opposed by a party man.

There are doubtless other and influential reasons. They are found in a very general conviction as to his character, based upon familiar knowledge of his career; in his hostility to General Grant, and in the kind of prominence which he would be likely to attain in Congress. His method of conducting the canvass is also suggestive. General Butler offers five hundred dollars reward for any competent evidence implicating any one in "the attempt to defraud the people of Essex of the elective franchise." Are the Essex voters his property? Is it a fraud upon them to urge them not to send to Congress a gentleman who favors one form of repudiation? Is not this a remarkable sensitiveness lest the voters of Essex be defrauded upon the part of a gentleman who proposes to defraud the creditors of the Government every where? It was remarked in the French revolution that the sight of blood from a cut finger made Robespierre quite faint.

We have opposed the election of General Butler because, as radical Republicans, we do not believe the party, the cause, or the country are safe in the hands of reckless and unprincipled men. If by any chance General Butler would have been nominated for President, do the Republicans of the Fifth District in Massachusetts believe that he would have received, or ought to have received, the hearty support of the party in the country? And would it have been withheld because he was so true an exponent of Republican principles, or because it was felt that he was not a true representative of the party principle and character?

## GENERAL BLAIR AS A PROPHET.

General Frank Blair does not say that General Grant will be assassinated, but he says that he will never leave the White House alive because he will establish a military despotism. This remark shows the profound wisdom of General Frank Blair. It also shows how truly he understands General Grant's character and that of the American people. Every thing in General Grant's career shows, of course, that unquenchable thirst for despotic rule of which the sage and statesman and soldier General Frank Blair speaks. This relentless greediness for absolute power is only surpassed by General Grant's fanatical fondness for the pomp and circumstance which surround it. He has a painful taste for show. He is constantly making displays to captivate the people whom he has already doomed to the yoke. He is the candidate of a party that has always maintained slavery of every kind. It is notorious that the Republican party wishes to submit four millions of the Southern population to the uncontrolled tyranny of a certain disloyal class of that population, and General Frank Blair can not stand it. General Grant, says General Frank Blair, is "a mailed warrior whose bayonets are now at the throat of eight millions of people at the South." It is Grant, of course, who inspires and encourages the Ku-Klux Klan. The sage Blair, who proposes to overthrow the Southern governments by the sword, is full of consternation at the prospect of the military despotism which General Grant is about to establish.

The sly despot, the bloody demagogue, the ambitious usurper, Grant, says let us have peace; but he means "let us compel the army to disperse the carpet-bag State Governments"—doesn't he, General Blair? He says that the only way to peace is to obey the law; but he means that he "will trample into dust the usurpations of Congress known as the reconstruction acts"—doesn't he, General Blair? Indeed, Grant evidently has an admiring eye upon that former military despot, Washington. Like him he has shown a constant contempt for authority, and an insane personal ambition—hasn't he, General Blair? And the American people, who know what a respect for law the late rebels have, and who know that a certain person was nominated for Vice-President because he was very anxious to draw the sword, will put him and his sword out of sight—won't they, General Blair?

Free speech is an invaluable blessing. The enemies of equal liberty assembled in Convention at Tammany Hall and freely expressed their opinions, and nominated their candidates. They then went out and talked freely to the people, and have disastrously defeated those candidates. While there was any doubt of the meaning of the platform and the candidates there was a chance of their success. But when the orators began to explain what they meant that chance disappeared. Every speech which General Frank Blair has made must have cost him and his party many hundreds of votes; while the free speech of the true chiefs of the party, the Southern leaders, has gone very far to secure every loyal State for Grant and Colfax. We can not enough extol the virtue of free speech. But to think of the infatuation of a country which deliberately prefers to take the chances of peace with Grant and honesty, Colfax and liberty, rather than with Seymour and repudiation, Blair and the forcible dispersion of State organizations! How sad that it will not see that nothing but General Blair's sword can save it from General Grant's despotism!

## THE CONDITION OF TRADE.

The decisive result in the States which voted on the 13th of October has carried up the public debt about two and a half per cent., and as all anxiety is removed as to the issue of the Presidential election we may count with certainty on an active trade for the residue of the year. There is a solid basis for this opinion in the bountiful crops of the cereals and the fair but not large crop of cotton with which the country has been favored. It is altogether probable that our bonds will be in demand across the Atlantic, and that, urged by the ease which is likely to continue in our money market, we may be disposed to import in excess of our actual means. But if we are guilty of this imprudence the day of reckoning will be postponed, and ultimately come at a time when it must be greatly to our disadvantage.

The actual basis of a large trade, however, consists in our abundance of food and cotton, and in the want of food in the British Isles and elsewhere.

There are those in England and in this country who strenuously deny that there will be any extensive demand for food from abroad. We have lately witnessed at Chicago the operation of a corner in corn. Under its influence corn was carried up to 112 cents or more per bushel, while at the termination of the cornering process it suddenly fell to 91 cents or thereabouts, which was its full value. The two parties to this combination—one for a rise, the other for a fall—had their agents in this market, who were at direct variance as to the situation in England, one claiming that there would be no unusual foreign demand, the other that it would exceed all precedent. It may very well be that these hurtful combinations to put up or down the value of food irrespectively of demand and supply have their representatives in London and Liverpool. A controversy has been for a long time pending in the Manchester newspapers as to statements, made with respect to cotton, alleged to be false, to influence an upward or a downward market, and it is to be assumed that such statements are made for some special and improper object both there and here. The press in England has been very reticent lately with respect to the crops of all descriptions. Pamphlets have been written there to show that the drought is a visitation of Heaven to punish those who legislated for the Liberal cause in the last Parliament; and on the other hand, while the political importance of a good crop is conceded, it is claimed that England, on the score of bread, will be much better off than in ordinary years. To arrive at the exact truth one must be able, from the best lights of agricultural experience, to form a judgment independently of what may be expressed from interested motives.

We published quite recently, from the Maidstone *Journal*, the organ of part of the English hop-growers, a statement that the diversity in samples of hops was scarcely ever known to be so great as in this year. Some very bad, some good, and we drew the inference from it that the wheat crops on adjoining soils must in part have shared the same fate.

The flax purchasers of Belfast make like admissions as to flax. We omit extracts from their statements; but it is generally conceded that the crop is light in Ireland, owing to the drought, and that it is also light, and for the same reason, in Russia, Germany, and France.

The order of the French Government opening its ports to the entry of cereals free of tonnage duty after the 1st of October has been the subject of extensive comment in our newspapers, and various suggestions have been made with respect to it. To one class it means not drought, but war; to another it is altogether due to drought. The Report made by the Agricultural Bureau of France of her imports and exports for the first six months of this year throws some light on this question, and upon the one suggested by the British press that England will be able to receive a portion of the flour she wants from France. The French statement presents a very unusual import of the cereals. While her exports of these amount in value to only about $250,000, her imports, for the same period, amount in value to 176,420,825 francs, or between forty-nine and fifty millions of dollars. This import is very unusual. The Lyons papers, in describing the crop of grapes, stated that on light soils they were "roasted." The region of severe drought is situated between Lyons and the Mediterranean; but it existed also on the borders of Spain. In parts of Spain it was so severe that an order for the opening of her ports to the cereals free of tonnage duty followed the French order, before the Revolution in Spain, and supplies are now going forward to Spanish ports from London and Liverpool.

It must be remembered by those who feel impatience that no considerable advance in breadstuffs takes place in the London and Liverpool markets that the crops of all descriptions harvested in July are yet unconsumed, and that no extravagant price will be paid for grain so long as this is the case. There exists an interest the deepest that can sway a community in favor of giving to the world the most favorable impressions of what their fields have produced. Many will be deceived by the bold statement of Mr. Sanderson that this year's wheat crop will exceed the preceding years by three million quarters. The "Encyclopædia Britannica" states that it is impossible to arrive at accurate views of what is produced in any given year, except from the consumption of what is grown and what is imported. A drought of unprecedented severity, extending, according to the Manchester *Guardian*, over a period of six months, destructive of many of the crops on which England relies, and so severe that wheat was plowed in on light soils as being utterly worthless, affords no very good basis for a large increase of wheat. This crop can be pronounced larger than usual only out of regard to the political and financial considerations which are involved in the questions. We regard it as certain that there will be a heavy demand abroad up to the harvest of '69 for all descriptions of our food productions, and consequently that trade will be active here.

## THE WORK IN NEW YORK.

Our friends must remember that the sole remaining hope of the Democracy is to carry the State of New York and elect Mr. Hoffman Governor. In the Convention that nominated him the consequences of such an election were portrayed by one of the delegates from Brooklyn whom indignation kindled into a strain of refreshing truth-telling. The election of Mr. Hoffman, said this Democratic authority, will be the transfer of the State to the control of the relentless ring of Tammany Hall. The whole State, instead of the city merely, will be ground to swell the enormous booty of the Tammany leaders. We beg our friends throughout the State to be as firm and prompt at every point as if the battle were going against us. We beg them to remember that it is most desirable that the Executive of New York should be in sympathy with the Executive of the United States, and that in John A. Griswold we have a man whose character and career are the guarantee of an efficient and honest administration which will be in full harmony with that of the United States.

## A RELIGIOUS REBEL VIEW.

Before the rebellion some of the most fiery of the secession leaders were the clergymen in the Southern States. This was admirably set forth in the novel of "Inside," published in these pages two or three years ago. The character and method of the rebel clerical influence were most graphically sketched in the character of the minister, Barker. The Reverend Barker again lifts up his voice, and under the signature of Ezekiel writes as follows to the *Presbyterian Index*, published in Mobile and New Orleans.

"If Seymour and Blair be not elected," says the Reverend Ezekiel Barker, in his loudest roar,

> "We are on the verge of a war by far more diffusive, bitter, and sanguinary than that through which we have passed. The wind work of it is very nearly done—the revolution is accomplished, if it can be maintained, and the last throw of the dice that settles the question of peace is set for the ides of November. We have not the faintest ray of a hope that the revolutionists can be arrested, having so far been sustained by their constituency, and having the power of position and organization. Besides, they are headed by the most reckless and reprobate of living humanity—as desperate gamblers on political fortunes as any British Parliament, French Assembly, or Council of Ten ever embodied. The North and West, it is true, are vastly adulterated by an un-Americanized foreign element of population; but still they contain enough of pure, patriotic, liberty-loving Americans to constitute a martial power; and the New York Convention has sounded the tocsin of war."

## THE GOOD TIME COMING.

The October elections are the bright rays of the coming sun. With the real Peace that is founded upon justice, prosperity and the general welfare will return. When the leaders of the late troubles perceive that the victory over them is not won only, but understood, they will learn to acquiesce in the inevitable result. General Grant, says Mr. Adams, whom they invited to come and tell them the truth, is not your enemy, but your friend. General Grant says "Let us have peace," and he means it. The news of his election, on the morning of the 4th of November, will be the dawn of that era of Peace in which every industry will revive; and the whole land will seem to hear, as in Mr. Hogan's picture upon page 697, the angel announcing once more the glad tidings of good-will to all men.

## THE BLOATED BONDHOLDERS.

In his speech at the Cooper Institute Mr. Martin I. Townsend, of Troy, one of the very toughest of Republicans, whose ample information and oratorical fire and felicity always commend him to the heart as well as to the head of his audience, told the simple truth about "the bloated bondholders" in a way to be remembered. He said that

> "The debt incurred during the war was now about $2,400,000,000, whatever it is more than this having been in existence before the war or incurred since. Of this, $400,000,000 is in greenbacks, etc., which are now taxed; $400,000,000 more is held by the banks, which the capital of every State taxes; $650,000,000 is deposited in the Savings-Banks of the country, and of this at least $300,000,000 is invested in bonds, while the Life Insurance and Fire Insurance Companies of the country together hold $600,000,000 more. These are corporations which any State can tax; thus $1,700,000,000 of the debt is now or can be taxed; $400,000,000 or $500,000,000 more of the bonds are held in Europe, and these not even the Democrats pretend ought to be taxed; so that only $200,000,000 or $300,000,000 remain. Who hold these? Old men, old maids, estates in trust, etc. Rich men don't invest their money here; they can make ten dollars by speculation in stocks while they are making one dollar in Governments. And these people are the bloated bondholders. Every man and woman who holds a bill, every one who holds a deposit in a Savings-Bank—indeed every man, woman, and child in the country—is interested in the financial stability of the Government."

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Elections took place on October 13 in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Nebraska. All four of these States went Republican. There was no election for Governor in either Pennsylvania or Ohio. In the former, a State-Auditor-General and members of Congress were elected, the Republican majority being over 10,000. In Ohio, where a Secretary of State and a Supreme Judge were elected, the Republican majority was over 17,000. Indiana elected a Governor, but while it is almost certain that the Republicans have a small majority, it is impossible to speak decidedly until all the official returns are in. The result of the October elections has reduced the price of gold, and occasioned the most hearty rejoicing throughout the country. It awakens confidence in the loyal and disturbs the enemies of the Government only.

Congress met at Washington on the 16th; but only for the purpose of readjournment to November 10.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

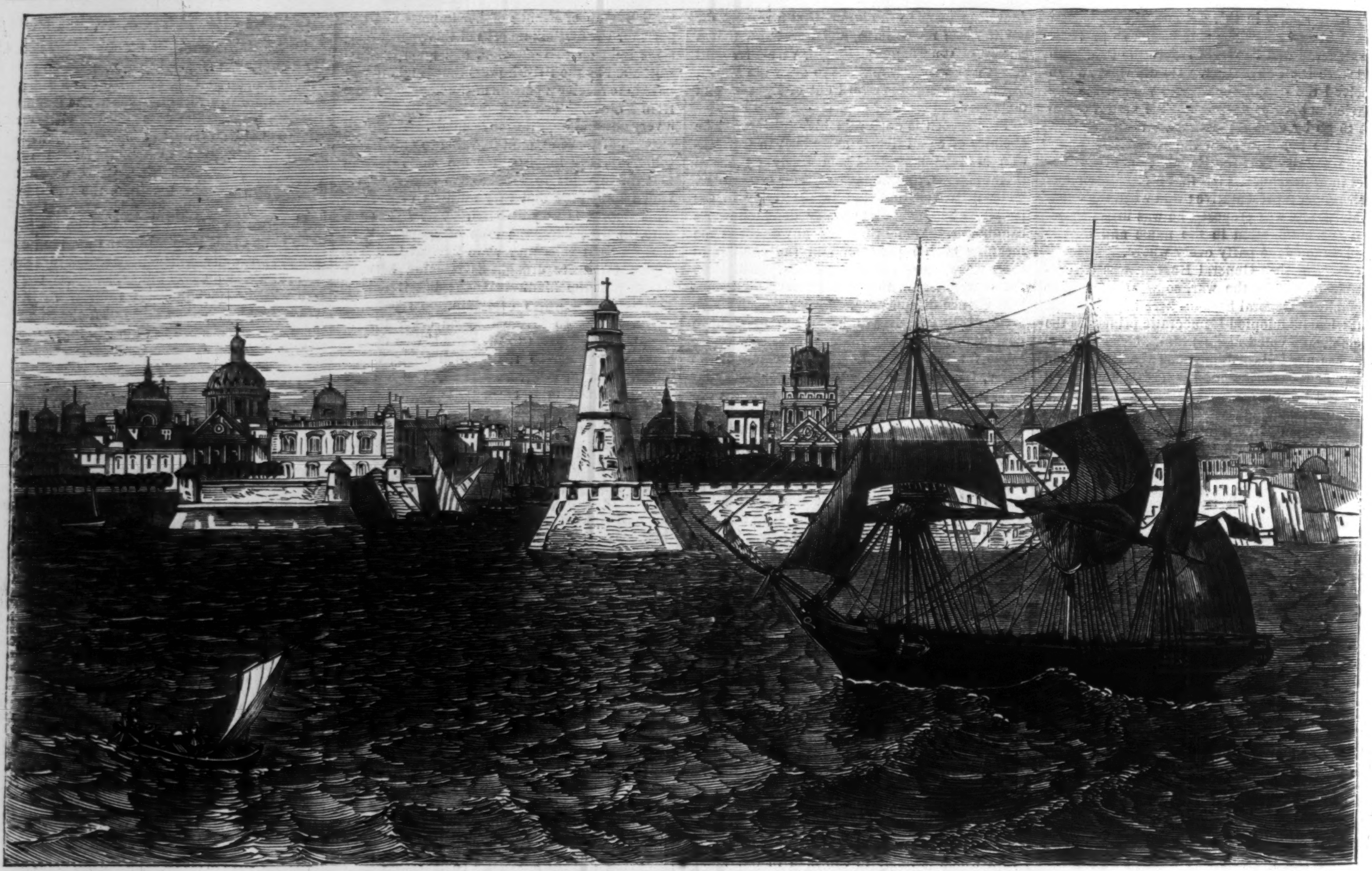
The Spanish Junta has seized the property of the Jesuits and declared the order abolished. Recent French advices state that an attempt has been made to assassinate General Prim. Senor Rosas de Olana has been appointed Captain-General of Cuba. General Dulce, who was appointed Captain-General of Cuba by the Spanish authorities, has declined on account of ill health.

General Prim has received the title of Marshal of Spain. General Dulce has been made Duke of Madrid. A deputation of Cubans have held consultations with the Central Junta. They have agreed to measures providing for the gradual abolition of slavery. The Republicans have commenced an agitation in Barcelona. They protest against the acts of Generals Prim and Serrano. General Serrano has made a speech at Saragossa promising that the Provisional Junta at Madrid would resign on the meeting of the Cortes.

## NAVAL ENGAGEMENT OFF PETIT GOAVE, HAYTI.

President Salnave seems to have quite firmly secured his Government in Hayti. We give on page 692 an illustration of a spirited engagement off Petit Goave on the 20th of September, which took place between the Haytien corvette *Alexandre Petion* and the ships and batteries at that point.

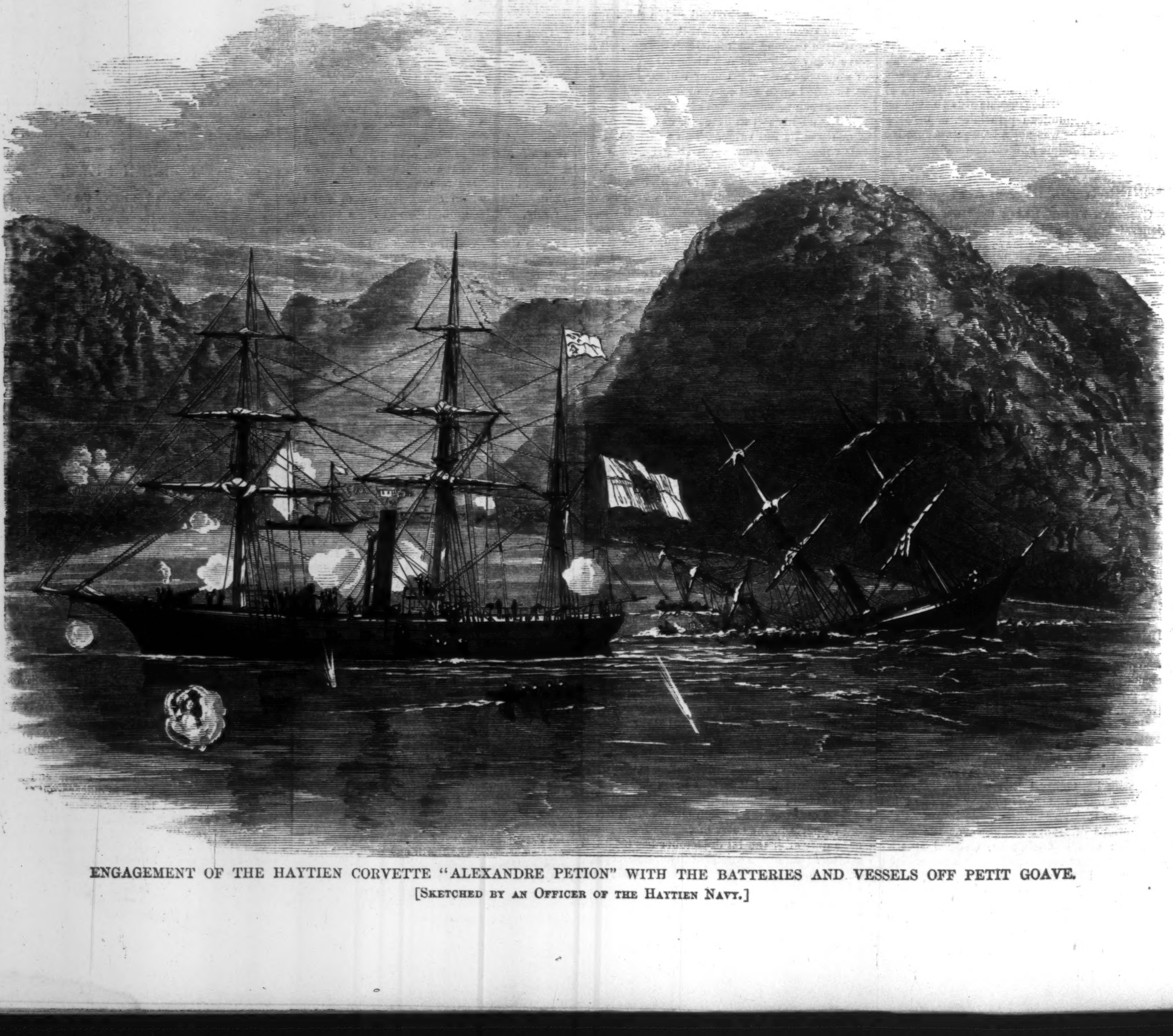
The corvette arrived at Port-au-Prince from New York September 19, and received orders to go to Petit Goave, 29 miles westward, and capture or sink the *Sylvien* and the *Liberté*—the first, a screw-steamer of 10 guns, and the second a side-wheel steamer of 4 guns—and to engage the hostile batteries. Accordingly, at 3 o'clock on the morning of the 20th, President Salnave with his Staff went on board the corvette, together with Mr. Raester, formerly Charge d'Affaires to Washington. The *Petion* at 4 A. M. steamed down the bay to Grand Goave, where she left some muskets and ammunition for the troops there stationed, and then proceeded to Petit Goave. This point was reached at 8 o'clock, and the engagement began at once. The vessels soon hauled down their colors and ran up the white flag. A Haytien officer went on board the *Sylvien*, and took possession of her; the *Liberté* was on fire. It was found that the *Sylvien* was rapidly sinking; therefore her chain was slipped, and the *Petion* took her in tow to get her on the bank off the point to the right. Before she reached the shallow water, however, she went down stern first, carrying down with her some of the prize crew and a Haytien General who had boarded her. About seventy of



THE CITY OF CADIZ, SPAIN.—[See Page 699.]

these were saved and brought on board the *Petion.* This latter vessel in the mean time kept up an engagement with the batteries. Two of the prisoners from the *Sylvien* were killed on her quarter-deck, and this was the only loss sustained from the enemy's fire, though his shells flew thick and fast about the *Petion.*

At 3 o'clock p.m the *Petion* hauled off, only one gun remaining in position on shore, and returned to Port-au-Prince, having accomplished her mission. The troops on shore stormed the place as soon as the bombardment ceased. This victory over the vessels was important to President Salnave, as the latter had to a great extent damaged the commerce, and even the forts in possession of the Government.



ENGAGEMENT OF THE HAYTIEN CORVETTE "ALEXANDRE PETION" WITH THE BATTERIES AND VESSELS OFF PETIT GOAVE.

[Sketched by an Officer of the Haytien Navy.]

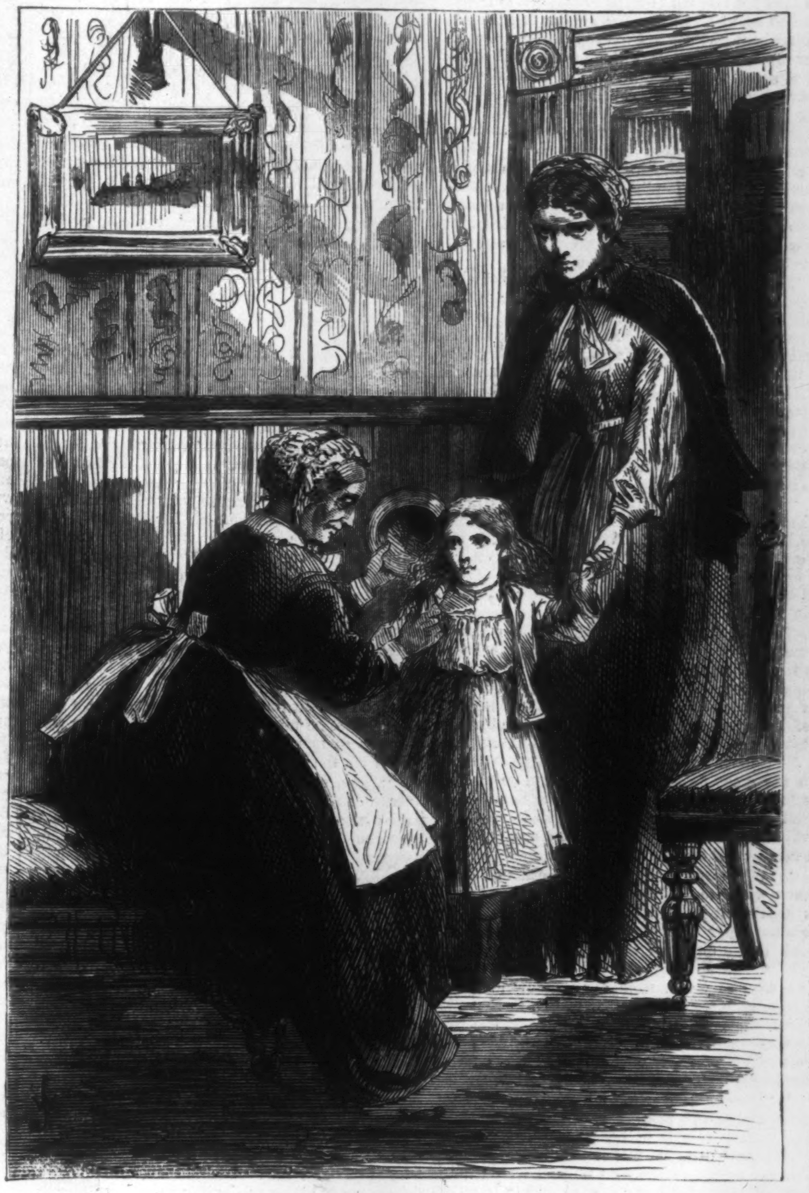
## HOW A SONG FOUND HER.

THE day had been a weary one. One of those gentle days in spring that come with the soft kiss of summer to our lips, and we love the wooing touch though it steals from us our sturdiness; and we languidly long for the season of packed trunks, deserted city homes, and the tempting summer life away from the babble and the din; quite up in the mountain slopes, by the river's quiet bank, or the long stretch of sea-sand—any where where it is green and bright, and we can feel ourselves alone with each other, and with our mother Nature, who, with all a loving mother's fondness, lays her caressing hand on the worn frame and the enervated brain of all who invoke the touch; and we wonder, as in childhood, how it is that the "mother-touch can kiss the pain away, and we are strong again for work or play"—as we choose in our childhood's day, but as we can not choose now that its sunny day has set, and we know that each that rises brings us something to do for ourselves and each other.

My fashionable friend, Mrs. Fletcher, had been displaying to me her preparatory purchases for the season; wonderful fabrics so gossamer-like, that when at the sea-side among the crowd where she would reign indisputably "the belle," they would question how she threw a mortal spell over Undine, and won from her the robe of frosty, shimmering green; and then in contrast, rich moirés and heavy piques for elegant appearance at those gay resorts where human hearts are common traffic; or if not the hearts the inferior clay that would be animated by them, had such a fossil structure been found therein.

Mrs. Fletcher was showing me all these decorations for self—but Mrs. Fletcher was *not* a heartless woman; like a butterfly that loved its element of roses and sunshine, and its pretty painted wings, because God made it a butterfly, and put into its insect nature a taste for these; but after all a very human butterfly, that could suffer and feel for those whom the same God had made moths and millers and ugly brown-winged insects. A very human heart had Mrs. Fletcher; it was that which shone from the winning eyes that seemed to look quite down into your heart sometimes, and smiled from the sympathetic lips that gave her the ascendency she won, and rightly named her queen wherever she carried her fine face and noble form.

"It was just such a night as this, Clare, when you were away from us last week—just such a balmy stillness held the air. Jo had been out for his cigar and stroll, which you know he never makes a long one from me; we sat chatting of the old days when we two flirted with each other, as we had with many before us, till we discovered there was something more for us both to do than flirt—something that would make us happier—when all at once out on the still night air came a voice so sweet and clear, so thrilling, that with one consent we hushed our chat to listen and look. It was a woman, Clare—a woman who was not old, for there was freshness in her voice, and she was singing at that late hour about the streets for money. I should have gone down to see her, but that at the moment the maid came to me saying little Paul was wakening restless and calling for mamma; so I had to send her down in my stead with such odd change as I had convenient. Somehow I can't recover from that voice—it comes back to me on such nights as this. The maid said all the neighbors sent her money, which she took silently and went her way."



"THAT SISTER WHO NEVER LET GO HER HAND," ETC.

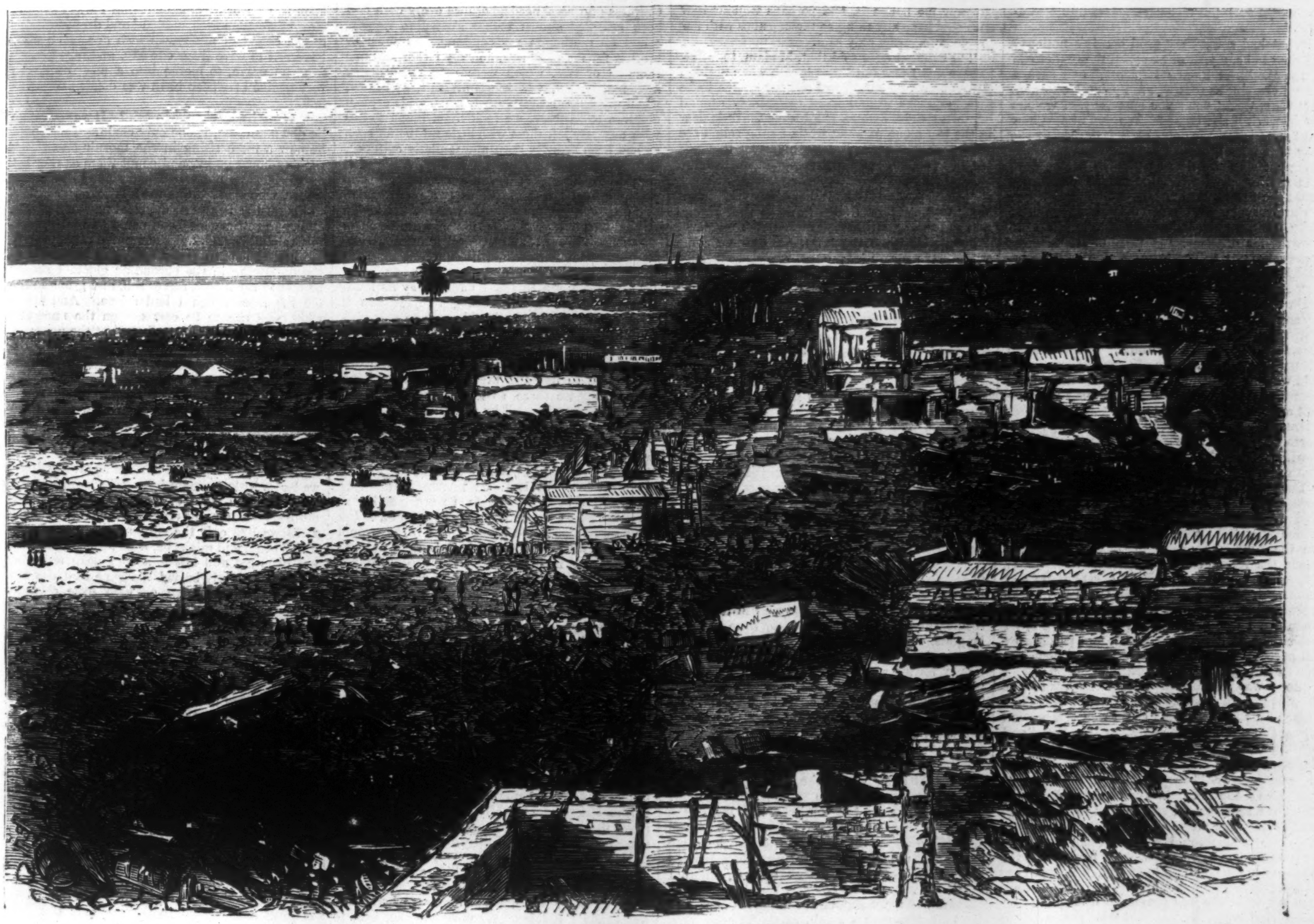
Interested as I had been by such an unusual way of earning one's bread, as my friend Mrs. Fletcher had described to me, it was not strange that I leaned out of my moonlit window to brood over the chances of life and build up my own theory of its moods and changes which had cast this singing woman on the city streets. When it seemed as if in direct response to my sympathy which (unknown to me as she was) had already wakened for her, crept along silently a woman and a child—a little child clasping tight the other's hand; they stopped just beneath my window; and stopping, sent out on the tranquil up-town streets, which claimed no passer-by save themselves, such a low, plaintive sound, one would hardly guess it were the beginning of song. It seemed more like heart-music which is uttered involuntarily—not songs for paid money—then it rose higher, clearer, and sank deeper; while the midnight air stood still to let the waves of sound catch yet more of that almost divine, that "liquid sweetness." Such a voice as that must have had one teacher—Sorrow—which only could have toned it down to this infinite expression—this inflection that seemed to be hope, love, regret, all and each in turn.

When it ceased I caught up purse and scarlet dressing-sack for bodily protection, and rushed down to this woman who had so moved my soul; how could I offer her such reward for thus speaking to mine from the depths of her own?

I hesitated, almost ashamed to enter into her presence. But I must not; for that which *I* had and she needed had she ventured out clothed in poor raiment, but Godiva-like in her woman's chastity with no protector but her God and the child.

I reached the door just in time to see another step up to her and take her in, away from me and my charity, away from this love for her which was born of her song; and the door closed upon her. If I had only known our neighbors—but who in New York know their neighbors? I went to the door-step thinking I too might follow and hear her story, but shrank back again, afraid my little charity would seem like ostentation. I went to my room, but not to sleep; she haunted me. All night, and day after day, the sad voice and the quiet gliding figure rang in my ears and crept before my vision.

The time came for us to take up the line of summer march. We went through the usual routine of springs, sea-side, etc., when, sated with the gay life, we decided to leave these for a more exclusive quiet at Niagara, where we could venture out without the certainty of being drawn



ARICA, PERU, SOUTH AMERICA, AFTER THE LATE EARTHQUAKE.—[SEE PAGE 690.]

into the whirl of that restless, devouring nondescript dubbed society, which holds its carnival wherever its followers are found. So to Niagara we went, and stood, as we had stood times before, awe-struck and cowed by the magnitude of those grandly heavy waters, falling, falling, as they had fallen years that had gone, and would fall an eternity to come, with no voice that dared to ask them how or why, but their own response, their never-ceasing hallelujah of "Glory to God!" A new delight was open to us now in the "Three Sisters," as they are called—three new islands opening from "Goat Island," like the joints of a telescope, each smaller and smaller. How glad we were that while yet in the rudeness of their first exploring we had gone to them—such tangled underbrush and wild rocks that multitudes of sight-seers had not yet desecrated with knife and pen, carving names which would in no other way make any mark in their life travels. Standing with our very feet almost washed by the miniature falls that compose the rapids, one could seem to comprehend and approach these not only bodily, but in thought, where it would seem rash presumption to venture into the overpowering presence of the stupendous great waters themselves.

With a cry of gladness that almost alarmed my friends lest I had come to harm I sprang forward to greet John Grey, who sat there so immovable that even my joyous welcome failed to rouse him, the very picture of discontent.

"What, John!" cried I, "can't the sight of friends rising upon you as out of the very mist and spray of these waters arouse you from their contemplation? Substantial nymphs are we, but very accessible, as we shall show you. You're just what we want to complete our party."

He rose to meet us, and I saw my cousin John was not the cousin whom I had met a year ago. He was cordial, but with a constrained cordiality; affable, but a studied affability. The discontent I had marked upon his face when alone with the waters and his reverie was discontent still, only marked by a forced effort to appear as of old.

So he joined us in our wanderings; and one night we two strayed by ourselves out into Luna Island, where, somehow, like the wind, whose coming and going we can not divine, the picture of that singing woman came before me. I told her tale to John.

"Don't go weaving any romance out of that, Clare. There is enough of sorrow and heartache in the world without sentiment for warp and woof to aid us in fabricating more. We mortals get our share of woes as they come along without borrowing some one else's to grieve over. Don't let your womanly sympathy run away with your ideas of womanly propriety. Doubtless your persecuted daughter, abused wife, penitent Magdalen, or whatever your fancy may have painted her, was some itinerant singer who could have earned an honest livelihood in a simple way without patrolling the streets for a pittance, keeping good-hearted little women who will permit themselves to be worked upon from the sound sleep that would soon put all such troubles into dreamland."

What had soured my good cousin's notions? He used to be, a year or two past, the very cream of the "milk of human kindness," and such a soured element as that was not palatable to me.

"Why, John, don't you suppose that woman would work if she could? We don't know how hard she tried. We don't know how daintily she may have been brought up, and reared to do nothing but sing and flutter away the golden days of her life. And when the storms came how could she meet them?"

Surely some great grief must have come to John, that, filling his own heart, left him no thought for others—some trust been broken—some sympathy turned back upon himself again, that he should be so faithless.

"Hurrah for a raid upon her Majesty's domain to-day, ye feminines!" shouted Jo Fletcher next morning. "We'll take you along to outwit the Custom-house officers. We want new broadcloth and *pure* 'old Otard.' We want more things than would fill one of your Saratoga arks, and we'll invite you to go along as ladies, but to return as pack-horses, whose amiability will permit any amount of lading to be done by us, your 'lords of creation,' expecting your wit to invent some yet untried resource of your patent framework to pull the wool of our very excellent broadcloth over those worthies' investigations."

Such was the invitation our guide and jolly companion gave us to go over to the Canada side, and we decided to row over in the little boat which plies from the foot of the inclined plane on the American shore. In going down this plane the fears of an elderly lady were loudly expressed, and we recognized our neighbors at home. Our party being large could not all be accommodated in one boat, and I mentally determined I would be the one to go in the other which should carry Mrs. Weed, and perhaps by an adroit introduction of myself learn from her the story I had longed to hear.

John was left for escort, and the rest of our friends were to await us on the Canada side. The offer of a shawl, which I could well spare, soon opened the conversation between Mrs. Weed and myself, and I forthwith asked her about the singing woman.

"Oh dear, yes!" she exclaimed. "That woman with the little child. You don't know how she made me love her. I was so glad to take her in and listen to her voice, which speaks as sweetly as it sings. Poor thing, it's a hard hand must have sent her out to get her bread for herself and the little sister she had with her. When I offered her some attention you should have seen the look she cast up, as if she was praying a little prayer, to thank God first before she did me; after that she said such low, pretty thanks to me, as if she had not been used to thanking any one for such deeds. I asked her all about herself; but, dearie me, she was so silent-like I couldn't get her to tell me a word about why she was left so friendless to wander around the streets, with no one to look at her or to speak to that she knew, but that little wee sister of hers, whom she called Lily. Lily enough she looked like, with great violet eyes, and long, shaggy hair, just like the fashionable children wear it, only Nature did hers all in golden "crimps," I suppose her maid would call it if she had put it up in pins; but it must have been some time since she'd any maid but that sister who never let go her hand, always clasping it as if she feared she'd be an angel and fly away if she took her human touch off of her.

"As I said, I couldn't get her to speak of what sent her out into the world like a pet fawn that had always been fed and fondled by one hand in a park, and who'd strayed away among the wolves and savage creatures of the wood. I thought, as I was an old body, fit to be her mother, she'd see I didn't care for all the false ways and society charities that have to know all about you, where you came from, who's helped you last, and if you were very grateful; but would open her poor, torn heart to me, just as she'd opened her own mouth to let out the rich voice.

"But she didn't tell me why she wasn't living like a lady any more, for lady she always would be, no matter how she lived. Only when she thanked me she took the little Lily up on her knee and said, '*I* thank you, and Lily thanks you, because now she won't have to go away from me yet, for this will buy food and wine for her. My darling will stay with me, who wants her so much, who can't spare her to God because He has a whole heaven full of Lilys like her, and I have only this one. I'm all alone if she should go. If you knew how I'd crept away from her and left her sleeping in her morning sleep, and run so fast that when I got back she should never know I'd left her at all—to sell all our little treasures to the great Jewman who kept the pawn-shop near us. I had to feel his crafty eyes on me as well as on them, and I dreaded so to go that I was almost glad when the last went, and I thought I could work for Lily.

"'When we two first went to live alone I didn't know where to go for our new home; but I chose a high front-room, where I saw flowers at the window-ledge below it, and I thought she could look down on them and fancy they were our garden, and up to the sky and see the same stars she used to watch from our window at home. Pretty soon we got too poor to live in that nice place—nice when I think of the home she lives in now—and I took my Lily up in my arms and carried her where it seemed as if I was burying her in the little dark room I took her to.

"'Then the money was all gone, and the treasures, too, except this;' for I had glanced down quite unconsciously at her hands, which looked as if it was little work that they could do. By this she meant a plain gold ring—a wide band it seemed, so thick it had a deep groove in it, where was a braided band of hair ended with a slide in which set one great pearl. She didn't blush when she saw me notice it, and perhaps wonder how she could keep any thing so incongruous with her present life. She only said,

"'I couldn't have sold that, Madam, to a Jew to save any thing but Lily's breath when nothing else would. I'd cut off and sell her golden locks first,' and she wound them caressingly around her own slender fingers. 'I'd leave the little dear in the bed alone at night while I sang round the streets without her. But I couldn't let that go; it's all that's left me of my past, and worth more to me than all I've sacrificed.

"'You may not think it, but I have tried to get work to do. First I tried to make wax-flowers and sell them; but it took more out of my purse for materials than it put in. I suppose some would have succeeded; but it was all so strange to me I didn't know where to go, or how to dispose of them. Then I tried to embroider; but I couldn't work fast enough to pay our rent and keep us both in food and Lily in medicine. I couldn't teach, because I couldn't leave my baby, as I call her, all the day; so I tried to get coarser work to do; but I'd never done it before, and though I tried hard I sewed in more tears than stitches, and they preferred to give it to those who were used to their trades.

"'One night Lily had said, "Sister, sing to me as you used to sing when we went into the woods, and the flowers and the birds were there. How I wish you could take me up into your arms and carry me out, because it's spring now, and maybe it would seem as if the flowers and the birds would come back to me—and to you too, sister." So I took her up and wandered out into the moonlight with her, for I was not afraid; and I walked on, on; it seemed so good to have her close up to my heart, because it was my all—all I had to feel was mine, and we two were alone. She was then getting so little day by day, so little, that it seemed as if she might slip away from me and be gone. She whispered, "Sing, sister." So I sang. A gentleman stopped and gave me some money for my song. It put a new thought into my head: I could sing—sing and save Lily. The old voice seemed to come back to me, and I went home with money—money to buy my Lily back again; and I've sung ever since, while Lily grows strong enough to walk now, and we are happy together.'

"I asked her where she lived, and she told me. Begging permission to go soon to see her, I meant to do so; but you know how it is in the city, we 'boast ourselves of the morrow,' and put off to-day. I had some friends who came upon me unexpectedly, and was then hurried off to the bedside of a sick brother, where I staid till his recovery. Mr. Weed joined me there, so that we should not miss this trip; and here we are, sure enough, at the Canada side, and I've been staring away at the great falls without really seeing them, and hearing the roar and thinking and talking all the while about the poor young thing, who seemed no more fit to be roaming around the world that way than somebody's pet canary let out of its cage by mistake. I shall look for her when we get back, and perhaps, as we are neighbors, and so accidentally met, you wouldn't object to going with me to visit her. I suppose we must part now, as I notice your friends on the bank above awaiting you." And, with a kindly shake of the hand, the good old soul, with her quiet husband, parted from us.

"Why, John!" I exclaimed, as he extended his hand to place mine within his arm. "John, I believe you are fairly enlisted on my side. Now change your colors like a deserter, and do honor to my feminine discrimination. Don't you remember bantering me about my wasted sympathies?"

"Clare, don't. It is cruel of you. Don't you see I suffer; the torture, the uncertainty. We must get away from that party. We must get on to the city. I must go, and you with me."

"But, John, now it's my turn. What is womanly sympathy compared with masculine interest? Then you are not proof against romance after all?"

"Hush, Clare! Excuse yourself from these people, and I'll tell you all my story. You'll not wonder then that I said real life had enough of heartache in it to leave it with its own;" and as he neared the party he urged again: "Go with me, cousin. One day may make all mine a long night, if we lose her."

Thus urged, without knowing why, except that I trusted John to explain to me, I plead a headache and utter inability to go to the Whirlpool and the usual points of interest that we had planned to visit that day. John engaged a carriage, that he might in its seclusion tell me why he was so moved, and thus we returned to our hotel *via* the Bridge.

"Now, cousin, my reward for yielding my share of the plunder Mr. Fletcher was to intrust me with; my thanks for abandoning a gay and congenial party for such a personification of wretchedness as you have suddenly become. Really, the 'last state of the man is worse than the first' in your case. I found you hanging over those surging waters, the very spirit of discontent, as if it needed but little coaxing from the sprites for you to join them in their mad leap; and though you have smiled on us and been one with us, this simple story of city life—as poverty and wealth clasp hands—transforms you again into the misanthropic John I almost failed to recognize as the John of old. Woman's moods, indeed! No April day could be more changeful than yours."

"Clare," answered he, "you heard Mrs. Weed's story, now hear mine: Do you remember the wards my father took into our home? You know how I had grown up the selfish, careless idol of his life; selfish, because I'd no one to call me out of my self-existence, and solitary living is apt to make one take for themselves what they are not called upon to yield to another. Careless of others' needs, because every wish had been gratified almost before known to myself. I had no mother in my childhood, no sister or brother for my playmate, and my father had one thought, or two, which were identical—money and me. Well, you know all this, and how, when my father's friend died, leaving his orphan children to his care, we took them home to live with us. He left them with little means for such as had been proudly born and tenderly cultured, but under my father's guardianship he hoped it would become more; so he died, and they two gentle girls came home to us two men, left to our own companionship. It was like letting in daylight to a rayless cell; it was a sunbeam in the house all day; and warped, stunted as had been my moral growth, with never a mother's knee to kneel down and pray at, when I had been a boy, nor a mother's hand to lay its fondling fingers on my throbbing temples, was it strange that my heart should grow to this girl-mother that had come into our home?

"I used to watch her toy with her baby sister—for Lily was but a two-year-old baby when they came to us—and wish that I'd been Lily. Day by day we three, so left to ourselves, grew to know each other, till by assimulation with the unselfishness and devotion of Mary Monteith I learned myself better; and loving her I loved what was nobler and truer, and established without perceiving it a higher moral tone for myself than my lone life had ever known. Following on after her blessed example, I worshiped her as men worship what makes them better and holier—as all women could be worshiped if they would ever hold what is pure and holy in their nature; thus leading man nearer to the Virgin-Mother that through the God-Son comes down to them again.

"Yes; I grew to worship Mary Monteith, and I worship her yet. Only that I grope now blindly in the dark for my idol; it is gone, and the cross only is before me. Where were warm kisses now I hold the crucifix to my lips, on which the dead love hangs yet warm. For me there is no 'Easter Morn.' Where there was life is only death; and if I ever get to heaven with this spirit of unforgiveness tugging at my heart 'twill be because not only God but she is there.

"Well, last winter my father, whom men thought infallible, came home with clouded brow, neither Mary's tact nor Lily's childish prattle could move that seated gloom that thickened there; it deepened and deepened till we could hardly recognize the man. One day, on coming home earlier than usual, I found him earnestly conversing with Mary. Supposing he was advising with her as to the best possible use for some of her funds I did not of course intrude, and, to while away the hours, took the next train back into the city to attend alone the Opera which I was so anxious to see. Arriving home late that night I was the next morning surprised by the non-appearance of Mary and Lily in the breakfast-room; expressing this to my father I for the first observed his unusually haggard face. 'What does it mean? Speak, father!' I cried. 'Why don't Mary and Lily come? Why are you so troubled? Does this augur ill for us in our home? Surely no harm can have come to them we may not share—or they share ours—we are as one.'

"'No, John'—he spoke now unflinchingly—'we are not as one. You had better know it all. Sure as I had been that no sagacity of mine would fail, it was a hollow trust. Sanguine of my usual success, I had not only involved my own but the little capital of those two orphan children. We are not beggared quite—they are penniless. Never since the day I broke their father's trust and took their little all, hoping to make it more, have I known peace; that act, kind in its intent, but a fatal venture in its trial, has been the spectre which has haunted me till I could suffer it no longer; but, confessing my guilt yesterday when you saw Mary with me, and praying her pardon, I begged of her to still be with us, and one of us, till the storm was over, and from the wreck which might yet be saved I could recompense her for my unjust stewardship. I spoke of you, and how this would shape your life so differently; that now many long years of struggle would have to come before you could hope to have one honest penny of your own. You, my son, for whose independence I had toiled and held my name so high that it should be an honor to you to bear it. When I spoke of you, and how, if she would let you, you too would join with me in repaying this broken trust, Mary would not listen; she only turned away her head, and said it must not be. No reproach escaped her, only forgiveness and sympathy for us and for Lily. "My Lily a beggared child," she said. "I must shield Lily, but John must not work for me and her; he shall not be bound to cancel his father's obligations—we have no right to that." She seemed quite broken with the thought of it; but I hoped so much for to-day and your persuasions. But to-day, John—to-day—the worst is yet to come. There is no to-day for us with Mary; she has gone. Where, how, I can't tell you. I only know that she has taken her child and gone, leaving this for us'—and my father held out to me a little note I know by heart—every character graved itself into my being as I read:

> "'Good-by, dear guardian, for I shall be gone away when you see this. I could not stay to be a daily reproach to you for my wronged rights, which so overcome you, nor to add the burden of two lives more to John's untried powers. Don't grieve for us. God will take care of us and help me to care for Lily. I shall pray to Him to bless you.'

"I was stunned. Life had been a holiday to me. I had a vague notion of what misery might be as it came to other fellow-creatures; but for myself I wanted nothing. Living on in the sweet content which had pervaded the very air of my existence, since she, my light, had dawned upon it, I never dreamed but that I was exempt. Now misfortune with sudden hand draped all the bright colors of my future with one black pall. I seemed to have lived one life, and, awakening from its grave, to merge into a new state—the very genius of whose birth was death and desolation.

"Work! why should I work? It was easier to lie down and die, if one only could. Life would be now a mere rising in the morning to watch the day-hours go by, and count them as they led on to sleepless nights. I had some pity for my father, who stood before me a stricken man, lost to his own self-respect, doubtful now of his own ability to retrieve his good name and his heretofore reliable sagacity. But I pitied myself more. He had shut out my sun and left me blinded in the darkness; in the shrouding gloom I should be lost to my better, newer self, and grope in the old life from which I had arisen. And she—what, was she to be cast out on the uncertain tide of the world? A frail shell at the mercy of waves—tossed whither, now, while I vainly deplored? There was but one thing to do: to find her and save her and myself. To this we bent all our energies. We sought, and vainly sought again, daily coming back to each other and to the home two disappointed men, eager, yet dreading to ask the other of success, which we knew without the asking was failure.

"Meantime my father's affairs were settled, and we had a little remnant left. The home was still ours, through right of my own, from my dead mother; but a home no longer. Within its four walls we had only the stinging memory of what it had been, and might be, if its breathing life had not gone out and left it a cold dead sepulchre where we nightly buried the hope that day had brought. So we went on with little cheer to ourselves and each other, till my father was urged to go abroad on special business for a Company who had known him long; and I begged him to go, with the vain endeavor to dispel the gloom into which our lives had settled. I left the spot of my happiness and grief, seeking by change to shut out the vision that is ever before me. But this woman's story. She had a sister—Lily; and that ring was one I know as I know herself. She always wore it; it was her mother's hair. I must seek her. I must see this singing woman with my Mary's voice; and seeing, know it is not her, only my dead cold love come back to me in thought and memory.

"You must go with me, Clare. I must have some one to lean upon who is stronger than I, who has not bent and yielded to this storm of fate as I have done. Come with me, Clare. Don't delay; we must start to-night."

What a transformer is hope! The settled discontent had yielded to it; the eyes that were raised to mine had a new light in them. How sadly would they fill and darken if they never rested again on the idol which they sought! Of course I would go with John. These two stories, that seemed to be but parts of one, had taken a strong hold upon me, and I made hasty preparations for our exit from the party whose return we awaited.

I was prepared for remonstrance from my delightful and very good-natured friends, whose common-sense I thought the best in the world, when they acknowledged John's superior claims upon me; and we started back to the city at the utmost speed of express locomotion, which could hardly equal the haste with which we mentally traveled. Our destination, No. — Seventeenth Street. We reached it to find a row of dismal tenement houses, unfit to be habited by any creature whose life had been light and love; and ascending the stairs asked for Miss Monteith.

"An' is it the dilicut crathur with thim wee, small, white honds, that niver looked fit to hondle ony thin' but gould and siller, and bedick hersilf out in all that's purty, that ye're sarching fur. Musha! an' if yees cud been ony binifit to her it 'ud bin well for her to led eyes on ye befor. It 'ud mak' even the ould black heart uv the very divvil himsilf wake like to think he'd brought so much sin into the wurrold, that innycint lambs like her shud suffer; and she so lone, with niver a frind to turn to, ony those her own swate ways could mak' out of the likes of sech as mesilf. Not one of us in the house but wud ha' gon' down on our knaze to sarved her, and prayed the Blissid Vargin and all the howly saints that the Leddy of Hivvin kapes for cumpiny, to save that little goulden-haired beauty of hers. But it's little good that prayin' and wapin' and takkin' on 'ull do, whin the good Lard, that knows what's better fur us nor we knows oursilves, maks up His mind what He's best do for us."

"Is Lily dead?" interrupted John. "Lily dead and Mary so bereaved without one care from me? Where is she now? Tell me, good woman, which is her room," turning to the voluble and sympathetic Celt.

"Where is she now? Faith, that's what we'd all like to be knowing if she's nading any good we could do her. But wait a bit and I'll till yees all I can uv her, and p'raps it 'ull hilp yees to find her. Ye see, Sur, that poor little wakelin' uv hers was jist pining like for thim angels that she'd strayed away from, and who were lonesome up in the angel-land without her; and it was ony the compashun she filt in her little heart, that scurcely bate at all, it wint so slow, that kipt her with her sister so long. But she was sure to go at the last, Sur. When the days got hotter and hotter, and the air was so thick like thot even the flies were too lazy to stir, she'd jist lie in the sister's arrums and luk up into her face, as if she'd ask her when she'd be willing to let her go. Thin the two big tares wud stond in the sister's eyes, but she'd niver spake a worrid of discontint—ony watch the little thing that grew whiter and thinner on her breast. In the early spring-time the two uv thim used to go out uv nights, for the child was thin more like other childer, and not so wan and saintly, to be sure. But whin the breath got so close in these city streets all the grand folks that they used to sing fur were gon' off where they cud brathe aisy; though, for that matter, I've an idee that mony uv thim cud stond the hate and the tile a good site aisier than the two who got paid for plaisen thim. Though they niver complained and let on to the likes uv us that the cash was shortening, we'd all our minds made up to thot, for there was no more a sup of wine for the little one, and a dainty loaf of white bread fit for such quality childer. And the sister niver bro't her out any longer for an airin', if airin' it could be called, whin there was none to spare for sich folks as warn't big and grond enough to move off to the country where they kape it in the summer-time. At last we cuddent stond outside ony longer becuz we knew she was none uv us; so we vintured in to besache uv her to let us do somethin' for her, if it was only to rin for the dochthur; and the dochthur he came and spake sich kindly worrids to her that it samed as if they'd do her sowl good if the pills and powthers were uv no use to the little one, who samed to mind nothin' at all about her any more, only to have the sister sing to her. She'd sit and sing all through the long night sich beautiful songs as would hush ony kind of pain if it shuddent be spasms or somethin' voilint; and so it wint—she a-singing and the child a-dyin', for the songs cuddint kape her. One night, whin the great moon came and looked down into their little room above, Sur, I'd got my own little ones all fast, and I begged uv her to let me stop a bit wid her, for I'd seen the Lily was wasting like, and I thought it might be a comfort to have somebuddy about if it wasn't kith or kin. I sot mesilf down in the far corner uv the room, that they mightn't feel I was there. It was nigh on toward morning whin she lay on the sister's heart and said 'Sing, sister, sing, for the angels are coming; I can see them. They are coming wid flowers and white wings, and every thing purty as it used to be in the other home; and they sing to me with their harps. "Come, come!" they sing. But I can't go unless ye sing with them, for I can't go home without ye.' So the sister sang; and while she sang the child wint home; and I'd niver known whin it was she wint, it was so still and solemn-like, only that the sister moaned and rocked to and fro, and wint on wid the song; but now all of the song was, 'Alone! alone!' The night was spint intirely, and I cuddent git her yit to lay the child out of her arrums though it was quite dead, and could no more feel her kisses than if it was an angel up in Hivvin she was tryin' to rache with those purty lips uv hers; she wouldn't hade me, only sit with the child, and the moan, and the kisses. But betimes the dochthur he came, not knowin' thot death had cum in the night, and he pacified her like, a-tellin' uv her how much the child was saved; for it was likely niver to be strong or hearty; and whin she knew how it must suffer if it 'ud lived, she seemed to be willin' it 'ud gon' up to the angels and the flowers where it cuddint suffer agin. The dochthur he tuk the matter off uv her honds quite nately, and sint the beautifulest little coffin to shut her up in; and his wife, a nice, noble-lookin' leddy, cum and laid the Lily in it, wid white flowers all about her to mak' her look comfortable-like. But the Lily hersilf was the waxenist and swatist uv thim all; and if they'd had a harp to put into the little white honds you'd niver known but it was one uv the saints that was sint down to bring her, she looked so hivvinly. They had a little funeril for her wid only the praste, ond the dochthur, and his leddy, and the sister, and mesilf, who was invited to cum in; and whin they'd shut her up tight in it to take her away I heard the dochthur read it to his leddy off uv the silver plate on the little coffin: 'Lily Monteith.' And that was the first we ever knowed their names."

"Oh God!" cried John, "to bear all this alone—so near, and yet never found! Tell me, tell me, where has she gone? where is Miss Monteith?"

"And that's what I can't be tellin' ye; for the dochthur and his leddy wouldn't lave her here, where it wasn't fit for sich a gentlewoman; he got new lodgings for her, and promised to do somethin' for her out uv that fine vice uv hers. The dochthur's name has slipped me intirely; and when my little Nora was sick with the scarlit-faver I sint for him; but he's gone, sign and all, so I've no direct way uv puttin' yees on the thrack uv 'em, which 'ud do my heart good, if ye're those as would tak' her and kape her from the lonesomeniss and the heartache. But if ye'll be jist lavin' me yere addriss, and I ever disciver her agin, I'll be afther gettin' my Thomas, whose goin' to the night-school and larnin' eddication, to write to ye in a herry."

And this was all. Well might the breath grow short, the hope-light fade from the eye, and the discontent settle heavier on the brow of John Grey. That his idol lived, and he wandered vainly seeking the shrine, was no comfort to him. He had tested before the fruitlessness of search; he had sent out hope, a carrier dove, and it had come back to him at night a raven of disappointment; he knew what was left him now; only to turn back into his life again and wait; wait, perhaps, forever, unless chance, or that higher power that holds the chances and the lives of all, should send him fruition for his hopes, peace for his prayers. And to so many who wait and pray the fruition and the peace are found only when the struggle is over, the dark river crossed, and they come into the eternal light of the "Forever."

It was now September, and though the city air was still humid and the streets glaring under a noonday sun, we had no heart to leave it. John determined to remain, and hearing Mrs. Fletcher would soon return, I awaited her in her home. The close of the month brought many back ready to enjoy all that October offers, in varied sight and sound, during that most enjoyable month to all who throng eagerly homeward.

If Mrs. Fletcher had all the attractions that art can add to a woman toward whom Nature had been so lavish, she did not for her foster-mother given up the fond worship of her first. She was a dear lover of flowers. It was, of course, too early for a party of the season, but some of her choicest buds were out; the Night-blooming Cereus was unfolding its petals, and she had promised to give some of her thousand-and-one *best* friends its benefit, whenever that should occur. As the silent expansion went on which told how at the set of sun it would culminate its beauty and its fragrance, she hastily sent out a summons to an appreciative few to congregate that evening in her lovely home. The evening came—a perfect one. And the guests came—men of professions, who brought their brains filled with busy systems which had worked there all day, and worked there still, and the subtle odor could not dissipate; men of merchandise, who came to please their wives and daughters; men who were idlers, and had nothing better to do with themselves than enjoy, as their insipidity could, what nature offered them in flowers, or bright, fascinating women, who amused or flattered, and thereby pleased them more than the wonder they had come to see; model mammas, who had vainly chaperoned their unmarketable wares throughout the season, but still undaunted, kept up their spirits by such little informal gatherings as might intervene until the full winter season should burst in its holiday glory; lovely daughters, who were ecstatic over dear Mrs. Fletcher, her perfect manners, her accomplishments, and her exquisite taste.

John Grey turned from them all, for I had coaxed him to come, hoping thus to gain a little respite for him from the shadow that sat always at his side—and was still only a shadow.

The gay crowd had visited the conservatory; admired loudly, complimented profusely, and returned at last to a more congenial atmosphere of mutual badinage and compliment, interspersed with dancing and music.

My cousin John and I had lingered near the perishable beauty of a night; we hovered over the blossom, looking down into its cup-like, creamy, pale green heart, and touched with reverent touch the ivory leaves of this nocturnal mystery, while over our senses stole the peculiar power of its fragrance.

John was the first to break the mutual silence. "A little life this is, isn't it, Clare? Coming up in the night with such wonderful delicacy and frailty, burdening the air with its rich aroma, just like some human flower-lives that open to us thoughts as pure, words as tender, as the white blossom before us. The morning comes, and they have closed upon us their profuse loveliness; we grasp only the dead, lifeless stock, but the air is freighted yet with the insidious odor that their death can not gather up. My blossom bloomed for me in the night of my starless home; it has shut its life up again, and only the memory of its unstained charm is left, and the fragrance that the 'dead past,' or my miserable present, can not steal from me."

In consonance with this dreamy state, what was the voice that spoke beneath the window? Timidly, then more bravely it sang, till we, listening, heard its clear round tones utter the trite but ever touching and effective appeal, "Then you'll remember me."

Remember! did we not remember and start? I to look at John Grey as the consciousness that the voice was the one [illegible] dead to him broke upon my perceptions. [illegible] to stand with his hand pressed for a moment on his brain, as if recollection, hope, suspense, all were striving with him, and with one appealing look at me to rush blindly for the outside air. It was not a phantom that he grasped, it was no siren who sang to him now; the shadow was real, it was warm flesh and blood, and the tired heart was there, close to his heart now. The "Easter Morn" had come.

He brought her in to me, and we closed around us the drapery that shut us out from the thoughtless, careless crowd who had looked once and then left us sole possessors of that spot; and when the strangeness and the first happiness had subsided she told us how she had been led, as the wise men of old, by the natal star of the unborn Christ, to the place where a new life and a new love was to be born to her.

"It was Lily," she said, "Lily who called me. When she had left me alone, had slept out her little sleep upon my breast, and I could sing to her no more, it seemed as if my heart and voice had dried up within me; there was no need for song any more, she could not hear it; it did not waken her now. The good Doctor who got me pupils and a better home grieved that I never sang; but when I tried my lips would open but no sound ever came. To-night, sitting alone at my window, to watch one star that flickered and flamed as it used to do when Lily watched it, and called it hers, I seemed to hold her in my arms again, and she said, 'Sister, sing to me. Go out into the night with me, to sing as we did before, and the song and the flowers and the love will come back to you.' So I came to the spot where we sang first, and the song came back to me, for Lily was with me again."

"The flowers are here, and the love will never leave you, Mary, nor let you flee from it again till you go to Lily and the Christ-love which has saved us;" and John Grey took her into his heart and his life always and forever.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

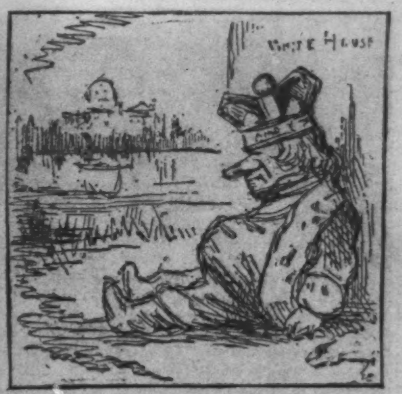
A beggar, who swore he had tasted no food for forty-eight hours, was taken to a restaurant the other day by a benevolent gentleman and told to eat as much as he wished. He ordered a glass of wine and some olives.

### POLITICAL ARITHMETIC.

Twice one is five,
  Carry four makes seven;
Twice six is twenty-nine,
  And eighteen's eleven;
And between you and me,
  It is very plain to see
We can carry all the States
  By the double rule of three!

Best Dower for Widows—A *widower*.

Some New York traders have placards in their windows saying, "Here we speak German," "Here we speak French," etc.; upon which a Bowery retailer has improved by hanging out a sign, "Here we speak the—truth."



"All Quiet on the Potomac."

A Question of Words.—When a man is hurt in a railway accident he very foolishly sues for "damages." Jones, who, impelled by a hatred of lawyers' lingo, is exhausting himself by revising the dictionary of legal terms, declares that, instead of damages, the wounded man having had enough of that already, he should sue for repairs.

What sin makes the most noise?—A toc-sin.

A doctor who, at the end of a philosophical profession of unfaith, proclaimed his disbelief in a future existence, was thus answered: "I am not surprised, Doctor, at your materialism, and that you should think your patients too effectually killed ever to come to life again."

Fast Attire—Cut-away coats.

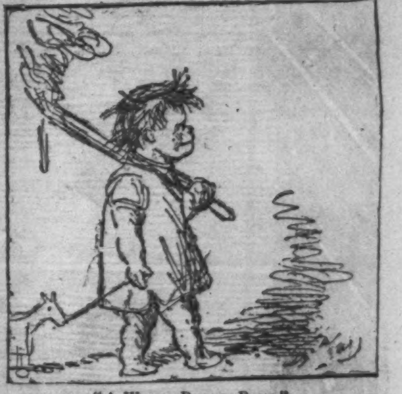
A foppish fellow advised a friend not to marry a poor girl, as he would find matrimony with poverty "up-hill work."

"Good," said his friend; "I would rather go up hill than down hill any time."

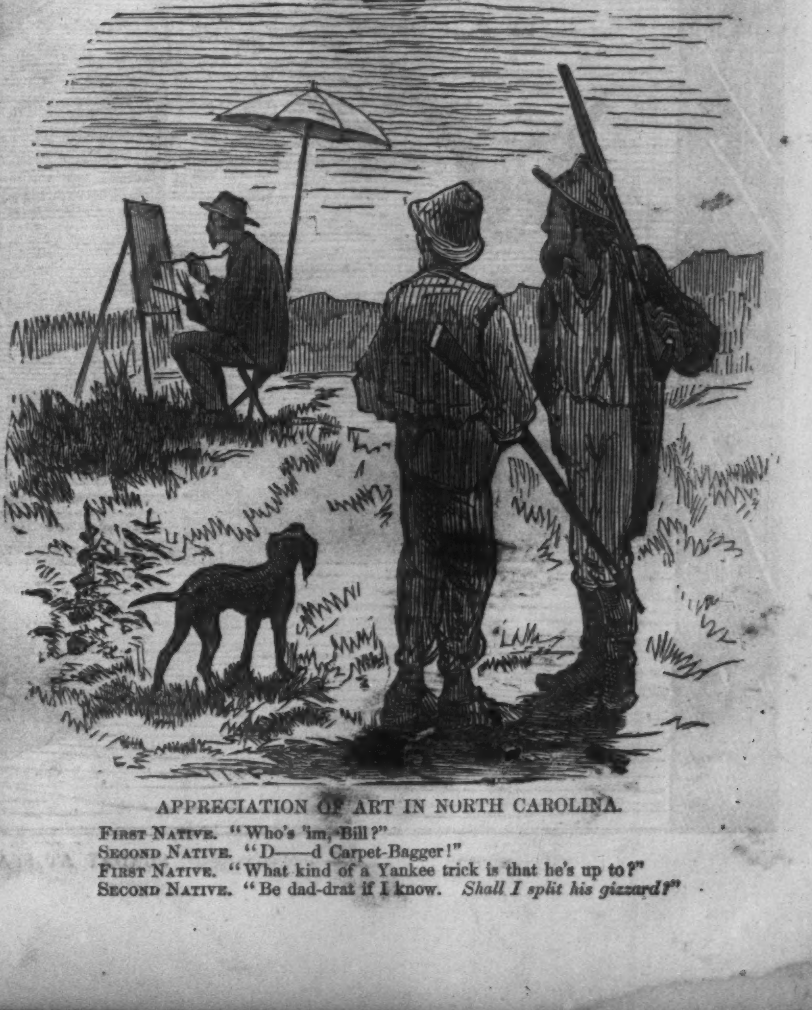
Mixed Pickles—Boys and girls.

"Where is your house?" asked a traveler in the depths of one of the old "solemn wildernesses" of the West. "House! I ain't got no house." "Well, where do you live?" "I live in the woods, sleep on the government purchase, eat raw bear and wild turkey, and drink out of the Mississippi. And," he added, "it is getting too thick with you folks about here. You're the second man I have seen this last month, and I hear that there's a whole family come in about fifty miles down the river. I'm going to put out in the woods again."

Sambo was hacking away at a tough oak when lightning struck a tree near him and shivered it. "Bress de Lord," said he, "I jes' like to see um try dis one; I reckon dey find dere match!"

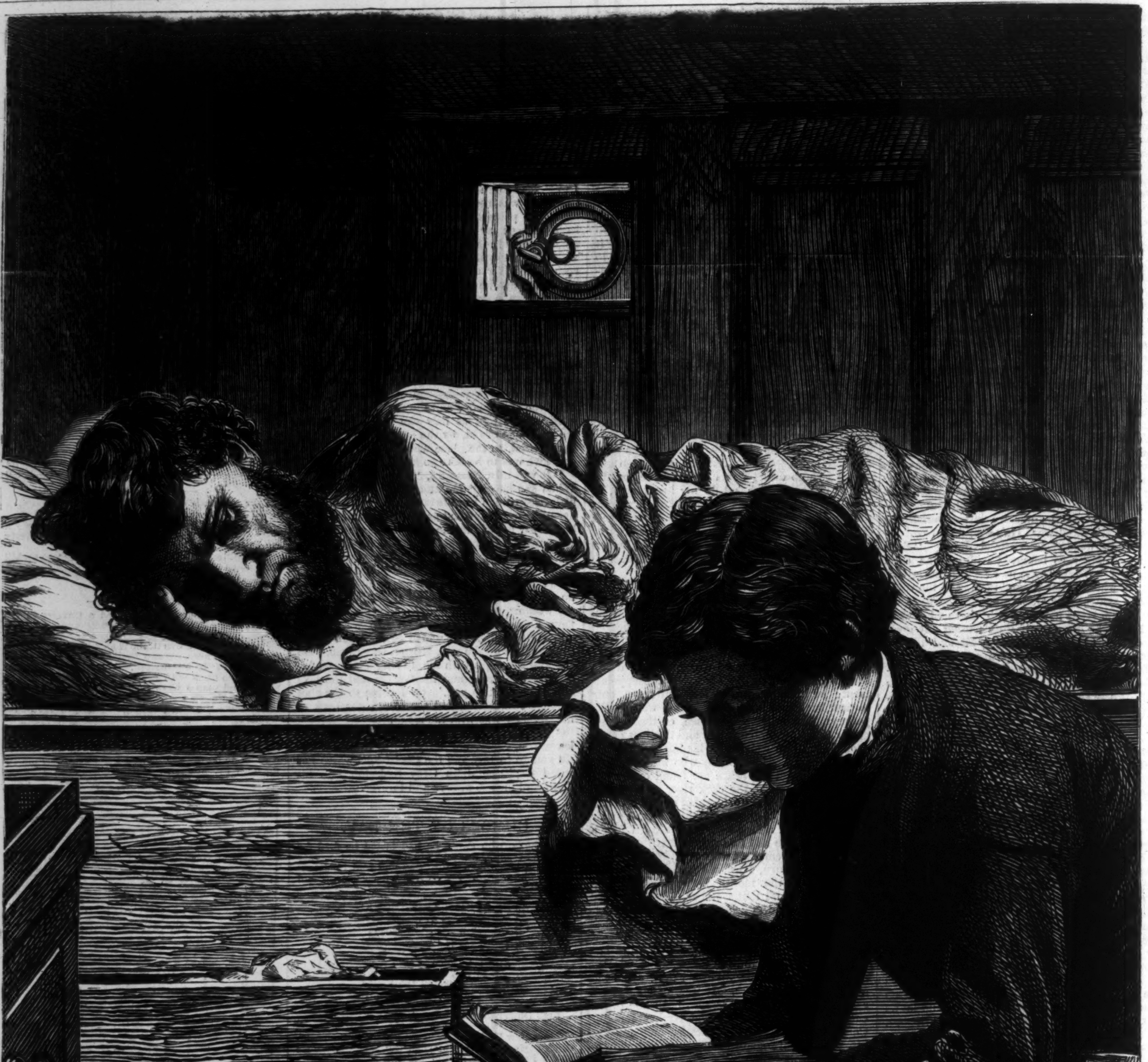


"A White Boy in Blue."

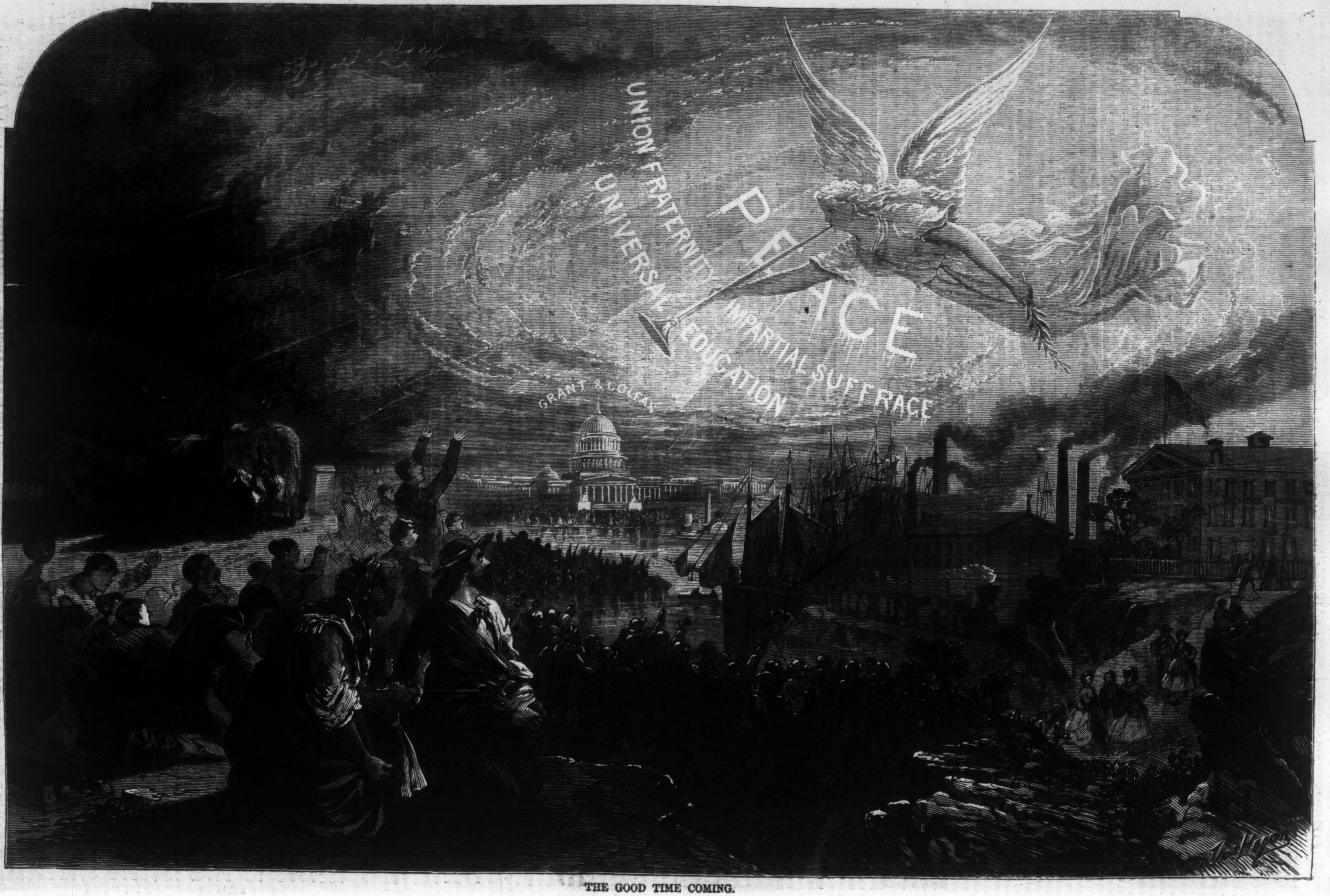


APPRECIATION OF ART IN NORTH CAROLINA.

First Native. "Who's 'im, Bill?"
Second Native. "D——d Carpet-Bagger!"
First Native. "What kind of a Yankee trick is that he's up to?"
Second Native. "Be dad-drat if I know. *Shall I split his gizzard?*"



SUNDAY AT SEA.—[SEE PAGE 698.]


UNION FRATERNITY
UNIVERSAL EDUCATION
PEACE
IMPARTIAL SUFFRAGE
GRANT & COLFAX
Ths Hogan

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

## SUNDAY AT SEA.

If it were not for the hour's service in the morning, the absence of cards, and the indescribable air of quiet and peace which prevails on shipboard on the Sabbath, that day in the cabin would be hard to distinguish from others. The brief service, read by the captain or his chaplain, is always impressive, even to the old sailors and frequent travelers, who have heard it on innumerable occasions. Like the solemn service of the dead, prayers at sea never lose their significance and force; it is alike solemn to stand in the presence of death or amidst the calm solitude of mid-ocean.

And equally difficult is it to tell the day by the conduct of those on deck as in the cabins. The great machines and their keepers are ever at work, night and day, and the monotonous sounds of the hissing steam, and the rumbling implements it drives, never cease. The sailors are only a little less busy, and too often, when not engaged on the watch, they are all too idle. It is not often that one, descending to their deck, and penetrating to their berths, will find them engaged, as the sailor and the boy in our illustration, in reading the Bible. But this infrequent scene does sometimes occur, and our illustration is of a notable instance, told in a quaint old ballad, in which "Bob, the cabin-boy," was instrumental in converting the "Captain of the *Nancy*,"

"A godless man was he."

But when sick unto death, Bob, the only one of the crew who did not fear the Captain, and to whom only the Captain was kind, penetrated to his room and insisted on reading him the Bible. It was only after repeated efforts and many entreaties that Bob could find a hearing. At length he did, the words struck terror to the Captain's soul, and he was driven to prayer for peace. The ballad then goes on to say, in rhyme more affecting than elegant:

Next morning, at break of day, Bob rose,
  And came to his master's door:
The Captain had risen, and all alone
  He knelt on the cabin-floor.

His hands were clasped, and his head was bowed,
  And he seemed as if in prayer.
Bob paused, lest the sound of his step should fall
  On the solemn silence there.

But a strange fear crept around his heart,
  "Oh, master!" at length he cried,
"Oh! Captain, oh, master dear, speak, speak!"
  But no voice to his replied.

He laid his hand on the Captain's arm,
  And laid it upon his head;
And tenderly called him by name again,
  But the Captain, he was dead.

## CIRCUMSTANCES.

Beatrice and Robert Lamley were betrothed, after three years of as stormy courtship as ever vexed mortal man. And it may seem that I commence my story where, according to custom from time immemorial, it should end; but the stormiest act in their drama was yet to come; and all for an idle whim of a woman.

Beatrice was a coquette. She had led Robert a weary life till folks cried shame, and he turned at bay; swore stanchly that he would have a final "yes," or would that month sail for England. When he would no longer follow her she came to him; but she shackled her consent with one condition. She said,

"And it be known that we have plighted troth, folk will buzz and tattle at every tea-table in the county. Miss Betty will cry, What might he see in her! Miss Eliza will say, Why, her nose is snub, and her temper is deplorable. I shall have never a virtue or a feature left."

"Consider then," urged Robert, "that you are the sum of all virtues to me."

"Nay, but you should consider, Robert, that I have no mother to whom I can go with my secret, and whisper, 'I love Robert.' I am a poor little motherless girl, and my father thinks of his acres and his chests; and for Mistress Lucy, she hath been but a shrewish cousin and housekeeper to me."

"Robert Lamley's wife may choose her own housekeeper."

"Robert Lamley hath no wife," she answered, saucily, but blushing in spite of herself. "There is no such person; and I would have you know, Sir, that our bargain is not yet concluded. Mistress Lucy, who looks scorn at a woman in love, as though it were an immodesty, she shall not fling and sneer at me; and so, if our troth is to hold, you shall tell it to none, and I shall tell it to Barbara, who is more my sister than my maid. You shall be kind to Lucy, and barely civil to me, and I shall be as rude to you as I like, Sir; and it shall go hard, before all is done, if our dear cousin do not think herself on the high-road to the state and condition of Dame Lucy Lamley?"

Robert shook his head. "I am a plain man, Beatrice. I like neither masks nor false colors. And if I am to be Mistress Lucy's servant, and get only biting words from you, in what shall I have bettered myself?"

"In what? You do well to say that you are a plain man." And here she pouted. "I promise you myself, and you ask if you are bettered; though a while back it was only that I should give you some sign that one day I might listen to you. That which is given is no longer desired, I know; but you need not be in quite such haste to show me that I am no longer dear." Here a sigh interrupted her eloquence, and a sob followed the sigh, and tears the sobs. She put up her little hands to hide the tears, and then her handkerchief, and though Robert's utmost persuasion could not remove it, he could see quite enough to alarm him behind it. Resolute with men, he knew nothing of dealing with women, only that he would have ridden his horse over the Lover's Ledge to please this one. And there are women who are Undines. They treat a man with that playful malice with which a child tosses about its puppet, and only through love and sorrow come to a woman's soul. Such a one was Beatrice. To dry her tears Robert gave her his promise. For the love of her own will she accepted it.

There never was a more disastrous concession. It was in itself the very apple of discord. Beatrice had one black fault: she was jealous of every woman not actually hideous. Thus, though she herself had ordained Robert's civilities to Mistress Lucy, she could not endure them; and in turn she tormented him so adroitly that he almost questioned whether it were of accident or intention. If he came in at one door she slipped out of the other. If he approached her in the drawing-room she dodged him around Mistress Lucy. If he sent her messages through her maid she laughed, and returned none. Too downright to comprehend that he was punished for obeying her, Robert bore with her a while with grim patience. Then he took revenge after a man's fashion. He mounted his horse and rode away, and there came no word of him for a month save that he was stopping with Master Venner, who had a fair daughter.

So falling out was the first consequence of this hopeful agreement, and worse was to follow. Mistress Lucy was Beatrice's cousin, and a gentlewoman; but also her father's housekeeper, and a dependent. She was a handsome woman of twenty-eight or thirty, set aside and neglected for a spoiled child like Beatrice. She professed to saintliness, but had a wide mouth and a muddy, brown eye. Her tone was always even, and yet every man and maid servant hated her; and she was a shrewd woman, and had fallen into a trap set for a fool: so much does inclination befog the clearest head. To play with such a woman was to play with fire and gunpowder.

Meantime the month of Robert's visit wore away; and as Mistress Lucy stitched in the parlor of a fair October morning, and Beatrice flitted in and out of the long garden window like some bright bird, her quick eye spied Robert's horse at the gate. Only the moment before she was vowing to tease him no more; but no sooner did she see his tall figure coming quickly up the walk than she rushed in to Mistress Lucy with,

"Put aside your stitching, cousin. Master Lamley's horse is at the gate."

"And if it is," answered Mrs. Lucy, bridling, "why should I lay down my needle, or you come panting here like a farmer's lad that hath seen a show?"

"Mighty well," retorted Beatrice, tossing her head. "There be folk like the ostrich, who shut their own eyes, and so think to blind the rest of the world. But I trow it is not for my father's sake that he posts here fresh from his journey; and other folk than I are commencing to spell—Dame Lucy Lamley."

"Give you good-day," said here a pleasant voice from the piazza.

Beatrice arched her eyebrows expressively at her cousin, and whirled about to face the newcomer. She had never looked fairer in his eyes. Her cheeks were as red as coral. Her brown eyes danced with mischief. Her brown hair hung in long curls on her neck, and in short thick curls about her face. She had a knot of ribbons on her cherry bodice, laced tight and trim, and an arched foot showed daintily from beneath her ruffled petticoat. She was plump, and fair, and dimpled, and peach-like; teasing and ensnaring both. Robert's eyes dilated, and he made a hasty step toward her.

"Oh! it is you?" she said, eying him coolly. "I thought, by the step, it was our loutish Tom," and then she turned her back on him to chirp to her bird. He had gone, she told herself, to teach her a lesson. He should find that she had not learned it.

Mrs. Lucy by this time had laid down her embroidery, and came to meet the mortified young man, with an undeniable rise of color in her olive cheeks.

"We welcome you back," she said, leaving her hand—a well-shaped hand it was—in his an instant longer than need be; and her manner said, as plain as words, "One at least is glad to have you back. Pray, come in, Master Lamley, and tell us what news from Master Venner's?"

"No need," put in Beatrice, wheeling about. "Master Lamley's news is always stale. It is easy to forestall his market. Master Venner hath a sciatica, for which he thinks he may thank the late rains; and the dame hath a new copper-plate print and is troubled for the brindled cow; and Mistress Frances—"

"Mistress Frances," said Robert, quickly, "is a beautiful young woman, and as discreet as she is fair."

Beatrice tossed her head.

"And so the puzzle is out, and Mistress Lucy knows what kept Robert so long at the fair. I told you, cousin, to beware, and that men would be fickle, even those in years."

"You run too fast," said Lamley, much embarrassed. "It was the flood that kept me."

"Oh! ay! the flood! which was at its highest when Mistress Frances would listen, and never above one's shoe-tie. I think I can see it. Master Venner hinting that there is good riding now, and Mistress Frances, who would like a younger lover—"

"Beatrice! this is past bearing," interrupted Mrs. Lucy, in much indignation. "Remember what your father was pleased to say to you but yesternight."

"And so I do," retorted Beatrice. "He bade me show respect to age, and it is out of that very respect that I am propping Master Lamley's most impotent invention."

"I wish that your rendering were the true one," said Robert, with a sudden sparkle of anger in his eyes. "Fairer excuse for lingering than Mistress Venner no man needs."

"Prithee go back to her!" snapped Beatrice, coloring vehemently. "A man looking backward is always dull."

"Why so I will, then," answered Robert, rising, "since it is plain I am not wanted here."

But here Mrs. Lucy interfered. She stepped quickly forward, laid her favorite hand on his arm, and "That would be to punish all for one," she said; "and I can assure you, Master Lamley, that there be those in this household who honor you and prize your friendship."

Here she raised her eyes modestly, and dropped them as modestly, at the which Robert winced; but there was no help for him, and he sat down, though sheepishly enough.

Beatrice shrugged her shoulders, turned to go, and in the doorway met Hugh Featherborough.

This was a brainless animal whom she slighted and cajoled at will; for there is nothing that shall equal a maid's caprices except a man's belief in them; and he was of that metal that he endured her yoke submissively, calling one his rose-days and the other his gray-days. Add to this a handsome pink and white face, and that he was particularly disliked of Robert, and you have the man whom Beatrice welcomed with both hands held out.

"You should come this way," she said, affecting to lower her voice. "Master Lamley hath been absent this month from Mrs. Lucy, and this is their first conversation. But if you choose there is the harpsichord in the further room, and I know you do sing, Mr. Featherborough!" And Featherborough, seeing that this would turn out a rose-day, followed her delightedly, though he had no more voice than an owl. The harpsichord was in the direct line of Robert's vision through the open door, as Beatrice knew; and she and Featherborough showed enframed in the door-way; she with her hands on the keys, looking cajolingly and close into his eyes; he twisting vine-leaves and the late roses in her curls, his fingers touching her white forehead. Robert looked, while Mrs. Lucy purred. The haughty, jealous lover, who would not have had any man look too boldly at her, saw his mistress, who denied him the commonest grace, courting—a fool. He answered Mrs. Lucy at random, and then he forgot her and answered not at all, and his whole soul had gone into his eyes. Mrs. Lucy, finding herself unheeded, drew up in offended dignity. The silence roused Robert. He started, looked hurriedly about him, muttered an incoherent excuse, and left the room.

Mrs. Lucy looked after him and turned white. Her anger was not a flame. It was a dull, cold, leaden, settling together of evil impulses. Her eyes were opened. Whatever Robert's behavior might mean, it signified no love for her. He thought not of her. She had been duped, and Beatrice knew it. The disappointment was dreadful, but she put it on one side. She would not taste one bitter drop, as yet, till she had learned why he came there, and what she herself had next to do.

Robert went to find Barlicorn, his man, and charged him with a message for Beatrice's maid, that she should come to him in the oak-room. Barlicorn listened with a sour and suspicious face, for he was Mistress Barbara's follower; and since her frequent interviews with the master she had chosen to carry herself high and mighty toward the man; and, finding her busy with Beatrice's ruffles, delivered his errand with but an indifferent grace.

"And what might he want of me again?" asked Barbara, reddening, and tossing her head. "Your master, Barlicorn, do always be teasing me."

"Ay, so it seems," retorted Barlicorn, dryly, "and that be the very question I asks myself."

"The question you asks yourself? and what question is that, fool?" asked Barbara, sharply.

"Just whether I be not what you call me, sweet-heart, to hang about you and not to know what my master wants with you."

"Oh! you are there, are you?" said Barbara, deliberately. "But there you may stay, Master Curiosity, for I promise your worship that you get naught from me," and with that she begins to slap and pat the ruffles between her pretty hands, as though they, and not Barlicorn, were the objects of her attention. Barlicorn waited, and looked hard at her. She looked hard at her ruffles, and contrived to pat them.

"Farewell, then," said Barlicorn, gulping down something in his throat. "I love you, Barbara; but my love must be honest as well as fair."

"Farewell," returned Barbara, indifferently, and looking over her shoulder, for women in such cases are always the best dissemblers.

Barlicorn walked away cut to the heart, calling her a heartless jade, and vowing to quit his master's service; and, as ill luck would have it, half an hour afterward he met Beatrice, who inquired for her maid.

"I know not," answered Barlicorn, still on fire and transported by his jealousy beyond respect; but I judge that she be with my master in the oak-room, as she be often enough before."

"With your master?" repeated Beatrice. "What phrase is that, prithee, to use to me?"

"No worse than the thing," replied the man, sullenly. "To-day it is in the oak-room, and to-morrow in the grove, and next day by the brook; and, if it be a shame for me to speak, it is worse shame in your maid. I'd ha' thought better of Robert Lamley, but I've quit her, and I'll quit him, whiles the morrow."

"You have left Barbara?"

"Ay, but now. I told her my sweet-heart must be honest, and so she must, Miss, or none."

"And they are together now in the oak-room," repeated Beatrice, a dark, red spot of anger beginning to glow in her cheek, partly that she was infected of Barlicorn's jealousy, partly that she blamed her lover for obeying her, and thought to find here the cause of what she called indifference. Her heart began to throb. She was on fire and deathly cold all at once; and, without noticing the astonished servant who stood gaping after her, she rushed back to the house to find and upbraid them with their treachery. The oak-room, where was their tryst, had a great garden window, of which, at that season, the leaves were set wide open, while within it was shaded by curtains, so that coming softly from the garden one could hide behind them unperceived; and here crept Beatrice, hearing already voices of two talking low and earnestly.

Now, if I shall declare that every word of this talk was so much fuel to Beatrice's flame, you may say, "Ay, so it is ever in books, but not in nature;" and yet it is, often in nature, that what we call circumstances are so much gunpowder to be fired by a word, or so many strands in a net in which an innocent mortal is entangled—and so it is proved here.

The first words that struck on her tortured ears were, "My dearest love," in Robert's voice, tender and pleading. To which Barbara answered, "Hist! I am in such dread lest we be surprised!"

Then the voices sank to a murmur. Beatrice strained her ears, but could catch nothing till she heard Barbara:

"Nay, Master Lamley, it hath cost me too dear already. There be those who suspect us, and have not—" Here her voice sank again, and then Robert answered, as if in taking leave, growing louder toward the close, so that she caught the words, "Remember, I will not be denied; and that I will have love for love or nothing."

Now these meetings were known to Beatrice, and really inspired by her; for through them she received her lover's homage; and it should have been plain to her that Robert spoke of his love for her, and did but give the maid a message for her mistress; but if Love's eyes are bandaged jealousy is born blind. Beatrice pulled aside the curtain, and, coming swiftly and lightly, confronted them with a pale and angry face that, before she could say any thing, told the story. With equal swiftness Robert and Barbara both saw their danger, and started guiltily, as hath happened to many an innocent person. Beatrice surveyed them with scornful looks.

"Spare yourself an excuse," she said to Robert, forcing out the words with effort from her pale lips. "My senses tell me that you, who were my hero and pattern of chivalry, are a seducer and a villain. Do me now the only favor that is possible. Relieve me from your presence, and never venture to approach me by word or letter. For you" (turning to Barbara), "you are even baser than he. Get you gone this night. To your uncle, to the shelter of Lamley Hall, for what I shall say—but get you gone!"

"My dear mistress," Barbara began, tears streaming from her eyes, and tried to take the young lady's gown in her trembling hands; but Beatrice rent it from her grasp.

"I said I will hear nothing. Eyes and ears could not both deceive me. If you touch me, though I be a woman, I am not sure that I will not strike you. I think nothing so base as ye both."

With this she opened the door, brushing as she passed a woman hiding in the shadow; who herself, white and trembling, yet looked after Beatrice, her wide mouth drawn into a sort of snarling grin. It was Mistress Lucy.

One of the most appalling features of suffering and disaster is the indifference of the physical world. The starving wretch groans and writhes in his straw, and the moon shines in on him as sweetly as it did on his cradle. No bird stints its song though the man rides straight to his doom, into the quicksand, or over the precipice. So the sun shone down unconcernedly, and the water rippled softly and caressingly about the dead upturned face of Barbara Eubank, floating where the current had lodged her against a pier of the bridge.

How she came there could not at first be divined; but they brought her back to the house, from whence she had been thrust the night before, and laid her there; the tiny figure once so lithe dripping with water; the fair curls dank and tangled with weeds, the teeth clenched, the eyes staring wide open, the whole face distorted into a look of unmistakable agony and terror—a pitiful sight! Beatrice cried out when she saw it that she had destroyed herself, and that it was she herself who had driven the poor girl to despair, and took to her bed, ill. Others came to view, and remained to gossip; for where there is such a taking off, people will be curious to cast about for the cause. They said that there was a strange livid mark about her neck, and that it was unreasonable to suppose that a God-fearing woman like this should have destroyed herself. It was whispered, Heaven knows by whom first, that Mrs. Beatrice had words with Robert Lamley because of Barbara; and that Mistress Lucy and Barlicorn had seen the maid and Lamley leave the house together, and from that hour no one had seen her alive. Master Lamley that night came home at midnight, his horse and himself reeking and splashed with mud; and, whereas the week before he was planning to build, he talked now of nothing but of sailing for England. These facts laid together looked darkly.

It often happens that those most concerned hear last of a matter. Sitting sullenly at home Robert knew nothing of Beatrice's illness, or the scandal concerning himself, till, as he was putting foot in stirrup to ride to the coast and take ship, he was arrested for the murder of Barbara Eubank. He listened at first with an astonishment that, if not genuine, was its best counterfeit. But men argued that his first surprise was guilty terror, and his subsequent composure a seared conscience. Not many came to him during the two long months that he lay in jail, and none from Simon Marson's household. There was reason for this. Simon was a prisoner to gout. Beatrice, lying in her bed, heard nothing of Robert's danger. There are such things as spiritual storms, and when the wind blows in your teeth every straw also lies across your way. So there came to Robert not so much comfort as a word of remembrance from his oldest friends.

But, on the day of his trial, Beatrice, urged perhaps by some premonition, would ride abroad, though Mrs. Lucy, who was a witness for this trial, of which she had not said a word, made an outcry for her health. So the coach was had out, and Mrs. Lucy got in, hoping that Beatrice might break her neck. Beatrice next would drive through the village, and seeing the stir at the court-house, asked what it was.

"The trial of Robert Lamley for the murder of Barbara Eubank," answered Mrs. Lucy, as if she would have the words stab her to the heart. And so no doubt they did. But the Marson blood, like the old baron's, ran strong and red, and Beatrice grew not white but scarlet.

"If that be so," she said, slowly, "his friends should be beside him," and she ordered the coach to stop.

So, as the counsel for the people was bringing in his accusation, there was a bustle of an usher making strenuous way toward the front, and looking up, Robert saw—Beatrice, fair and stately, as his lover's eye could note, even then; and she darted him a look as she sat down—a look of loving pity that thrilled him through. He thought more of it than of his accuser, who was drawing toward the end of his speech.

"Upon view of the body," he was saying, "it did appear that violence had been used to the woman. There was a crease about her neck, and a bruise under her left ear. So here hath been a murder committed, and Mr. Lamley was the last man seen in her company. I could wish he had not been so with all my heart. But then it is a very strange thing, being a friend and frequenter at Simon Marson's house, that he should go away, on that night of all others, without leave-taking, as he did; stealing out by night with this woman, as two witnesses shall testify, and from the time that she was seen of him she was not seen of any alive. It is very observable also, unless there has been a sort of fate in it, that though Lamley Hall is but half an hour's easy riding from Simon Marson's house, Robert Lamley came home at midnight, weary and mud-stained; and though a frequenter of Marson's, as aforesaid, stirred not to see them when news came of this maid's death and of the confusion of the family, but made all haste to sail for England, whereas the week before he talked of building and enlarging his grounds, to prove which we will now call our witnesses, and then I hope he may be put to give you some account of how these matters came about."

Here all eyes turned to the prisoner for those signs of guilt or innocence to which men take such heed, and he, conscious of this stare, kept his face straightforward, and never blenched. Was that like a murderer or like an innocent man? His viewers leaned to the first opinion. For Beatrice, she looked and listened like one in a nightmare, praying to awake. The man at the bar was her lover. The faces turning darkly toward him were her friends and neighbors; the judge and jury—she knew them all. How could these friendly, familiar faces take on such a dreadful aspect? The talk of the witnesses sounded in her ears like the babble of delirium. One came to tell how he saw the dead girl lie in the water; another to say if she floated or hung; a third, how she was taken up, and of the marks on her neck. A learned surgeon proved that drowned men die of suffocation, and talked much of when a body should swim and when it sinks. Mistress Lucy Marson came upon the stand and swore that, walking in the garden on the night of the murder, she saw Robert Lamley and Barbara go away together. That, standing in the shadow, she heard him ask her to go his road, and that the clock was striking eight as they came out. Barlicorn, Robert's man, swore that being in hiding that night, because of his jealousy of Barbara and his master, he saw them go away together, and forbore to follow them lest he should do them a mischief. That, though he walked, and his master was well mounted, he reached home at nine, and his master at midnight.

In those days a prisoner had the right to examine the witnesses, being allowed no other counsel than his wit; but Robert suffered these damaging statements to pass without question, as he had the rest, and being asked what he had to say offered only the following answer:

"What I have to say is this. Here hath been a foul murder committed, but I call God to witness I am innocent of the deed. For the rest, what these people have declared of me is in the main part true. I did frequent Marson's house, and had of late had much talk with Barbara Eubank, the subject of which I shall keep to myself; only I solemnly affirm that our conversation was in all innocence and honor. And on the night of which they speak, coming from Marson's house I met this Barbara at the gate, and did ask her which way she went, knowing that she was that day dismissed by her mistress, to which she answered that she should go to her uncle the miller, and went her way, and I saw her no more. But being, for reasons which it concerns none to know, nigh distraught, I rode to that place they call the Hoppers, choosing the worst road, and wishing to break my neck, and resolved to go to England, because the country was grown intolerable to me; and I never heard that I was called in question of this murder till I saw the officers of the law; and here is all I have to offer."

Now here, on one side, was a story circumstantially built up by witnesses, every incident of which was a bloody and terrible finger, pointing at Robert Lamley seducer and murderer, and on the other side, a tale told by a man, his guilt all but proved, of an aimless riding about, and of interviews, and a journey for which he could give no reason; but it had the ring of truth in it, and it shook men's prejudices.

All this time Joe Tibbitts, the cobbler, was running, breathless, up the hill. What has the cobbler to do with the trial? Why, every thing. And his baby, though the frowsiest imp in the village, had not commenced to cry, judge and jury had never struck the right scent; for it bawled so lustily that, getting weary of the din, the cobbler cried "Have done."

"I want my ring," howled Tibbitts the younger, "that hath tumbled behind your bench."

The cobbler let down his hand at a venture, and brought up a signet of cornelian, set about with diamonds, and bearing the letters J. M.

"Why this is a gentleman's signet," cried the cobbler. "Why Lucky! Why wife, I say!"

Thus adjured came out his wife, and seeing what was in hand,

"Now hold thy tongue for a fool," said she. "It is the ring I found in the drowned girl's bosom when I did undress her. The dead want no gauds, and I said nothing. Neither do thou. Give it me and I will hide it from that brat of ours, who hath eyes like a magpie."

"What!" cried the cobbler. "When a man is tried for his life, and here is perhaps what may save or hang him. And thou hast no conscience, I have."

Lucky, a notable shrew, set up a shrill opposition; but the cobbler ran fast, and outran her tongue; and coming headlong into court, regardless of the majesty of the law, as men were looking at each other after Robert's speech, squeaked shrilly,

"May it please the court, this ring was found in the drowned girl's—"

Where—in her mouth? in her pocket? in her shoe? on her finger? for here the majesty of the law pounced on our bold cobbler, and a thousand surmises ran through the court. The spectators were all agape and craning their necks. Who could tell where it was found? Could Mrs. Lucy Marson? The scarlet in her cheeks died out in ashes, and she eyed the cobbler, who being sworn, was now unmuzzled, so like a wild beast about to spring that perhaps it was as well for Lucky Tibbitts's husband that he stood in open court and not alone on a bridge at night with Mrs. Lucy Marson. Her white hands were as strong as they were comely. Her wrists had been like steel in one death-struggle, and her heart had known no pity, though a girl not nineteen prayed for her life. She listened, and her head swam and her ears roared. A shadow fell near her, and she cast a quick, fearful glance. She was not sure whether it had a shape, and its dank hair was twisted with weeds or no. The story was told, and the ring held up to view. Could any identify it?

Lucy Marson rose to her feet, and all eyes turned toward her.

"It is false," she said. "The ring is not mine. I never murdered her!" and then looking fearfully down, "take her away; she is always praying for her life. She is strong. I never thought she could struggle so. Take her away, I say;" and fell into convulsions.

An indescribable confusion followed. Mrs. Lucy was conveyed away a mad-woman, trying to drive Barbara Eubank from her knees. Of the signet there could be no doubt. It was Joseph Marson's signet, and since his death Lucy Marson had worn it day and night on her finger. The people said, "Here was the finger of God," and Robert was honorably acquitted; and I think he could not have sailed for England, for there is an old house, still standing, in which you may see the portrait of Robert Lamley and Beatrice his wife.

## VIEW OF CADIZ, SPAIN.

Several of the old cities of Spain have come into prominence again, and are likely to have new features of interest added to their already notable history from being the scenes of leading incidents in the insurrection now successfully accomplished against the last of the Bourbon monarchs. Foremost among the places is Cadiz, where the movement began by the revolt of the fleet. Cadiz, a fortified city and capital of the province of the same name, formed the southwest portion of Andalusia, is situated on the Atlantic Ocean at the extremity of a peninsula of the Isle of Leon, the narrow isthmus of which forms an immense bay. Cadiz is a fortress of the first order, is surrounded by walls and defended by batteries, and, being on an elevated site and built of white stone, it has a beautiful appearance from the sea. The public edifices include two cathedrals (one completed since 1832), two theatres, house of refuge, arsenal, naval college, barracks, and the light-house of St. Sebastian, 172 feet in height. The harbor, formed by a mole projecting into the bay, is accessible only to small vessels, and ships of large burden anchor three-quarters of a mile from the shore. Its trade has greatly declined since the emancipation of the Spanish colonies. Its dependency, St. Mary, is the centre of the trade in sherry wine. Cadiz was made a free port in 1829; but it ceased to enjoy that advantage in 1832. It was taken by the English in 1596, and bombarded by them in 1800. In 1823 it surrendered to the French.

Of the events of which Cadiz and Seville have recently been the theatre we have direct and trust-worthy intelligence and interesting details from the insurgent camp in Andalusia. Prim arrived at Gibraltar on the morning of the 17th of September, before the Generals from the Canary Islands; and soon afterward came a steamer, sent by Admiral Topete, requesting that the first General who might arrive there, whether Prim or Serrano and his companions, would go at once to Cadiz. Prim, however, waited some hours for the others before proceeding to join the fleet. He arrived in the Bay of Cadiz at eleven p.m., and went on board the iron-clad *Saragossa*, where the commanders of the vessels composing the squadron presently assembled, and a council of war was held. At dawn of the 18th, when Cadiz opened its eyes to the morning sun, it beheld the ships drawn up in line before the city, with the men at quarters, and every preparation made for action. It was evident that the fleet had "pronounced." A communication was made to the authorities of the city to the effect that the nation was resolved to reassert its liberties against those who had outraged it, and inviting Cadiz and its garrison to join the movement. Presently, from the arsenal and fortress of La Caraca and San Fernando, came marching down two battalions of marine infantry, with drums beating and bands playing the old familiar air of Riego's Hymn, so long prohibited in Spain. They had "pronounced," and it was soon evident that city and garrison were alike prepared to do the same, with the exception of the artillery, which held out. There was some parleying with the colonel in command of that corps; it was pointed out to him that he was in presence of overwhelming forces, and that the insurgents earnestly desired to avoid bloodshed; in short, the arguments were sufficiently cogent and the position of the artillery abundantly hopeless to induce the commander to capitulate, and he and his men remained prisoners of war, which they still were when the messenger who brought this intelligence left Cadiz. There was talk of sending a steamer to Centa to fetch a battalion there which was all in readiness to join the insurgents, but—and this is a great proof of the confidence felt by the chiefs of the rising—the Admiral declared they had plenty of troops and might leave the battalion where it was for the present.

Prim's entrance into Cadiz was a scene of almost delirious enthusiasm. The whole city was out, mad with delight, men and women crowding round the successful General, embracing and thanking him. The Gaditanos are a demonstrative people, and on this occasion they seem almost to have gone out of their senses with joy. One of the first things to be done, now that all was secure in Cadiz, was to send a messenger to Seville, and a well-known Progressista journalist was dispatched thither. As soon as the chiefs of the Liberal party heard of the success of the movement at Cadiz they rose, and the garrison rose, and the whole city besides; and the Captain-General of the province, old General Vassalo, who declined joining, received a pass and departed northward. A revolutionary committee or junta was at once formed, having for its president Signor Aristegui, well known and much esteemed as a true, liberal, and disinterested man, who has never held office, but has always maintained a high reputation as an honorable patriot. Meanwhile the Generals had arrived from the Canary Islands; Serrano took command of the insurgent forces, which are estimated at 10,000 to 20,000 men of regular troops, comprising the whole garrison of Cadiz except the artillery, the troops from San Fernando and La Caraca, and probably also some that were in Jerez, Chiclana, the Puertos, all of which places and many other Andalusian towns at once rose, while the whole garrison of Seville and the advanced-guard of Pavia's (Novaliches) army passed over to the insurgents.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The distance from Omaha to Sacramento is 1721 miles—to San Francisco it is 1845 miles. By Christmas it is expected that the Union Pacific Railroad will reach the vicinity of Great Salt Lake; and by July, 1869, the roads of the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific Companies will have met at some point one or two hundred miles west of Salt Lake, and railroad communication between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans will be established. The extraordinary rapidity which has characterized the building of this road has given rise to fears that it is imperfectly done. Yet when it is remembered that something like twenty thousand men are at work upon it, that necessary materials are *promptly* supplied when wanted, and, moreover, that the road is examined by sworn Commissioners of Government, who are bound not to accept it unless it is in every respect first-class, we may justly conclude that it will prove as well constructed, at least, as ordinary railroads.

The lands along the line of the Union Pacific Railroad, in the valleys of the Platte and other rivers, are among the richest of the fertile fields of the productive West. Through the region of the Rocky Mountains, also, there are numerous valleys needing only careful cultivation to secure a profitable return. Immense forests of pine, spruce, and hemlock grow on the Black Hills, and on other mountain ranges, and the great streams that rise among them will furnish easy transportation of timber to the Union Pacific road. Mineral deposits of various kinds exist along the line of the road. In the Laramie Plains, and in many other sections, enormous beds of excellent coal have been discovered. This coal is semi-bituminous, and is said to be well adapted for use upon locomotives. It is stated that among the Rocky Mountains there are great numbers of mineral springs, hot and cold, saline and sulphurous, and of almost every other known kind. Who can tell how soon our most fashionable watering-places will be located in Wyoming and Colorado? Quite certain it is, that very soon many now unexplored sections of the West will be teeming with a busy population.

From the semi-monthly report of the Castle Garden Labor Exchange, it appears that during the last thirteen days in September there were 1636 applicants for employment—957 men, 679 women.

An "Electric Clock" has been recently exhibited in this city. The motive power is supplied by a weak galvanic battery, the currents from which, transmitted through two coils of wire, act upon steel-bar magnets set within the pendulum ball. The only attention the clock requires is to have a spoonful of acid placed in the battery about twice a year.

The pastor of one of our city churches, in a recent sermon upon the permanent nature of the Christian religion, alluded to the transitory life of many opposing systems of religion, and, in connection, mentioned the following fact: Two years ago, the preacher said, he desired to obtain a copy of a work of Theodore Parker's, entitled "Discourses on Matters Pertaining to Religion," in which the author set forth a system of religion in the place of Christianity. He inquired at all the principal book-stores in New York and Boston, and from them he went and searched in second-hand book-stores, but not a copy could he find. He employed agents to investigate more carefully, but in vain; in less than seven years after the death of Theodore Parker, not a copy of the book which contained his peculiar system of religion could be found in the market, though while he lived his words entranced multitudes, who were swayed by him to adopt his views.

About two years ago a well-known New York publisher, being in delicate health, purchased a fruit farm in Aiken, South Carolina, moved thither with his family, and went vigorously to work. During the whole period of his possession of the farm his profit has averaged five hundred dollars a month. This handsome income has been derived from the sale of peaches, apples, and grapes—and they promise to be still more remunerative in the future.

Why are grossly intoxicated persons allowed in our city cars? One would suppose our rides in these over-crowded vehicles were sufficiently uncomfortable without the addition of such a grievance. Occasionally we have seen a conductor who valued the respectability of his car, and the comfort of his passengers enough to resolutely refuse admittance to one who was too much intoxicated to behave decently. But this is not always the case. The other day we chanced to be riding in a car where a drunken man seriously disturbed all the passengers. He first attempted to buy a newspaper, which having with difficulty accomplished, he tossed it about the car, knocking it around with his stick. Then—the conductor being quite unconscious apparently, and discreetly occupied in collecting fares—he swore loudly, talked coarsely, and finally got up and staggered through the car, falling against one and another of the passengers. A lady, alarmed at the approach of the drunken wretch, appealed to the conductor, who was looking quite the other way, saying, "Should intoxicated people be allowed to do so in the cars?" The conductor glanced at the man, and said, in a surly tone, to the lady, "I know my duty as well as you do!" He, however, induced the man to sit down, though he was performing the same antics again in a moment. And so it continued, until, to the relief of all, the man apparently reached his destination, and was helped off the car. This happened in Car No. 24, on the Eighth Avenue line. Few gentlemen would be willing their wives and daughters should be exposed to such gross annoyances.

At the recent annual meeting of the American Board of Foreign Missions the Treasurer's report showed that the receipts were for the year $535,838 95, and the expenditures (including the last year's debt of $4432) $535,317 99, leaving a balance of $520 96. The general report alludes specially to the increased interest in missionary work among women, and a cordial welcome is given to a new auxiliary in the "Woman's Board of Missions," organized a few months since, but which has already assumed the support of seven single ladies—two in China, one in Ceylon, one in South Africa, and three in Western Asia. While leaving to the American Board and its missionaries all care of details this new Society will aim to diffuse information through frequent correspondence with the ladies it sends out to raise funds for their support, and the support of native teachers and Bible readers under their care, and especially to awaken a lively sympathy and interest in their labors.

It is stated in a Paris journal, which professes to understand the gastronomic tastes of the sovereigns of Europe, that Queen Victoria is a small eater, while Isabella of Spain—if she can still be classed among sovereigns—is a great eater; that Alexander of Russia is very hearty, and his Prussian Majesty fond of drink and good things generally; Victor Emanuel is blessed with an excellent appetite, but is choice in the selection of food; while the Sultan favors strong meats, pastry, and Burgundy. King Louis of Portugal is said to be the smallest eater in Europe!

According to reports, Tennyson has a new poem in hand of greater length than any he has hitherto published, which will be in the printer's hands before the end of the year.

The Paris *Illustration* lets out the secret reason why the Siamese Twins desire to be cut asunder in their old age! It states that before the war they were as happy as possible together; then Chang declared himself a Unionist, and Eng a Secessionist, and so the quarrels have become often very violent. *Query*, why did not Eng secede when the Southern States did, instead of postponing it so long?

There is a very unlucky farm in Erie County, Ohio. Five different families have lived upon it, and one member of each has lost a limb while working it, and in two instances life was lost. The last victim caught his leg in a mowing machine last summer, and was wounded so seriously that his leg was taken off. He survived the operation but a few minutes.

A party of Massachusetts hunters have been having a fine time in the forests of Maine. As proof of their success they brought back to Boston with them three bears, one of which weighs over three hundred pounds, and sundry smaller animals.

A few weeks ago Mrs. Mary L. Hutchinson, mother of the renowned family of singers bearing that name, died at Milford, New Hampshire, aged eighty-three. She was the mother of sixteen children, and was herself naturally gifted with the musical powers, which, transmitted to her children, have rendered them so famous.

Not long ago a good deal of amusement was created in one of the courts in this city by the application of a "Jersey man" to be admitted to a citizenship of the United States. The friend, who accompanied him as witness, also appeared anxious that he should be "put through." "How is this?" asked the Judge; "are you not a native of New Jersey and a citizen of the United States already?"

"A New Jersey citizen, your Honor."

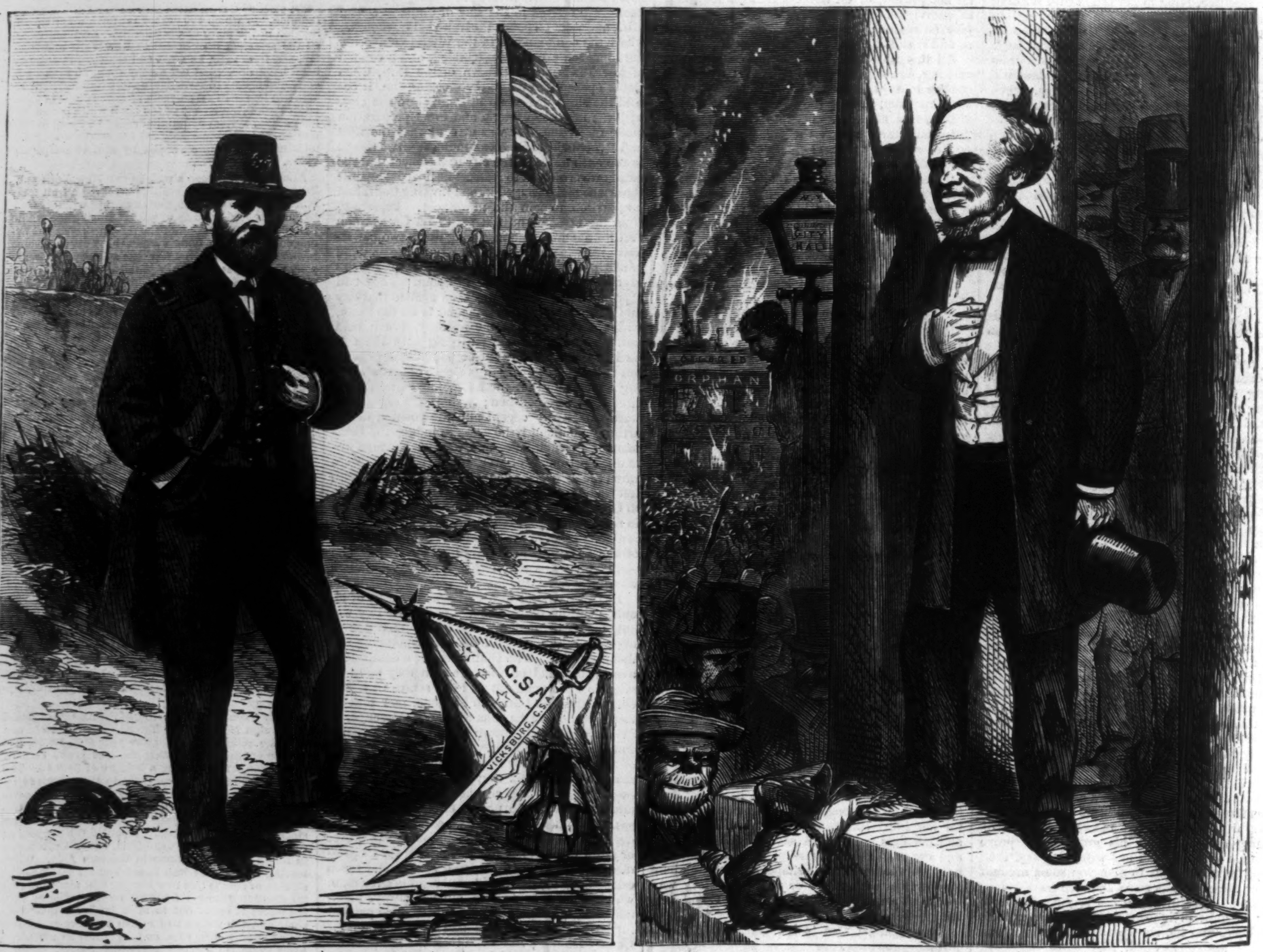
"Well," asked the Judge, "is not that enough?"

"Ah, you know, your Honor," replied the man, fondly fingering the naturalization papers, "I'm from Jersey, and I'd like to be a—a—your Honor knows."

He was officially informed that New Jersey was now in the United States, and left the court with a long-drawn face on which was depicted distrust and lingering doubt.

The following is given as a sample certificate, whereby Dr. Thundergrist—any other name can be substituted—became so overwhelmed with customers that he was obliged to employ thirty assistants to sell his bottles: "Dear Doctor, I will be 175 years old next October. For ninety-four years I have been an invalid, unable to stir except when moved by a lever; but a year ago last Thursday I heard of the Granicular Sirup. I bought a bottle, smelled the cork and found myself a new man. I can now run twelve and a half miles an hour, and throw nineteen double somersaults without stopping."

"LET US HAVE PEACE." *MATCHED.* (?) "A MOB CAN REVOLUTIONIZE AS WELL AS A GOVERNMENT."



HEAD-QUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF TENNESSEE, IN THE FIELD NEAR VICKSBURG *July* 3, 1863.

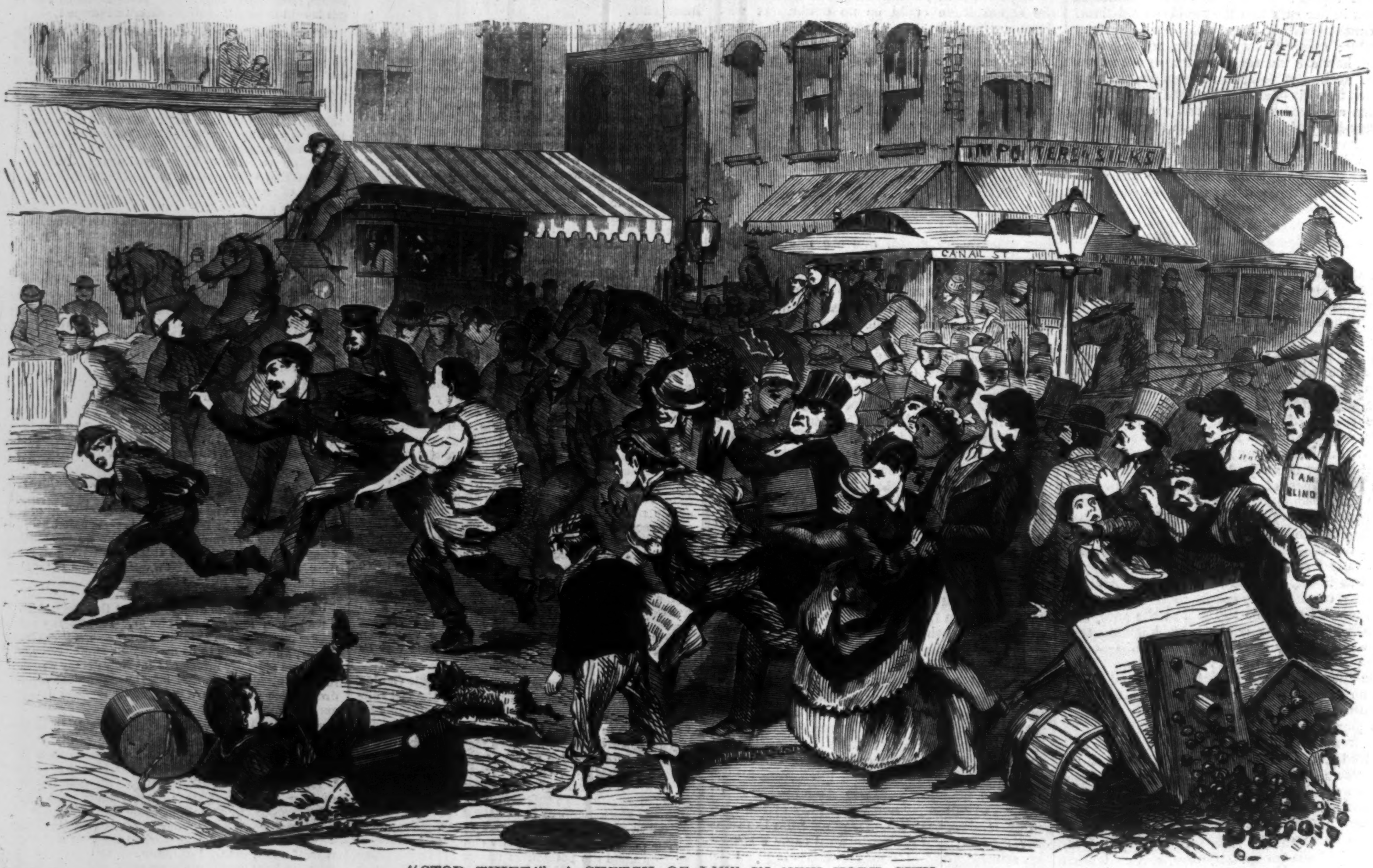
*Lieutenant-General J. C. Pemberton, commanding Confederate Forces, etc.:*

GENERAL,—Your note of this date, just received, proposes an armistice of several hours for the purpose of arranging terms of capitulation through commissioners to be appointed, etc. The effusion of blood you propose stopping by this course can be ended at any time you may choose, by an unconditional surrender of the city and garrison. Men who have shown so much endurance and courage as those now in Vicksburg will always challenge the respect of an adversary, and I can assure you will be treated with all the respect due them as prisoners of war. I do not favor the proposition of appointing commissioners to arrange terms of capitulation, because I have no other terms than those indicated above. I am, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

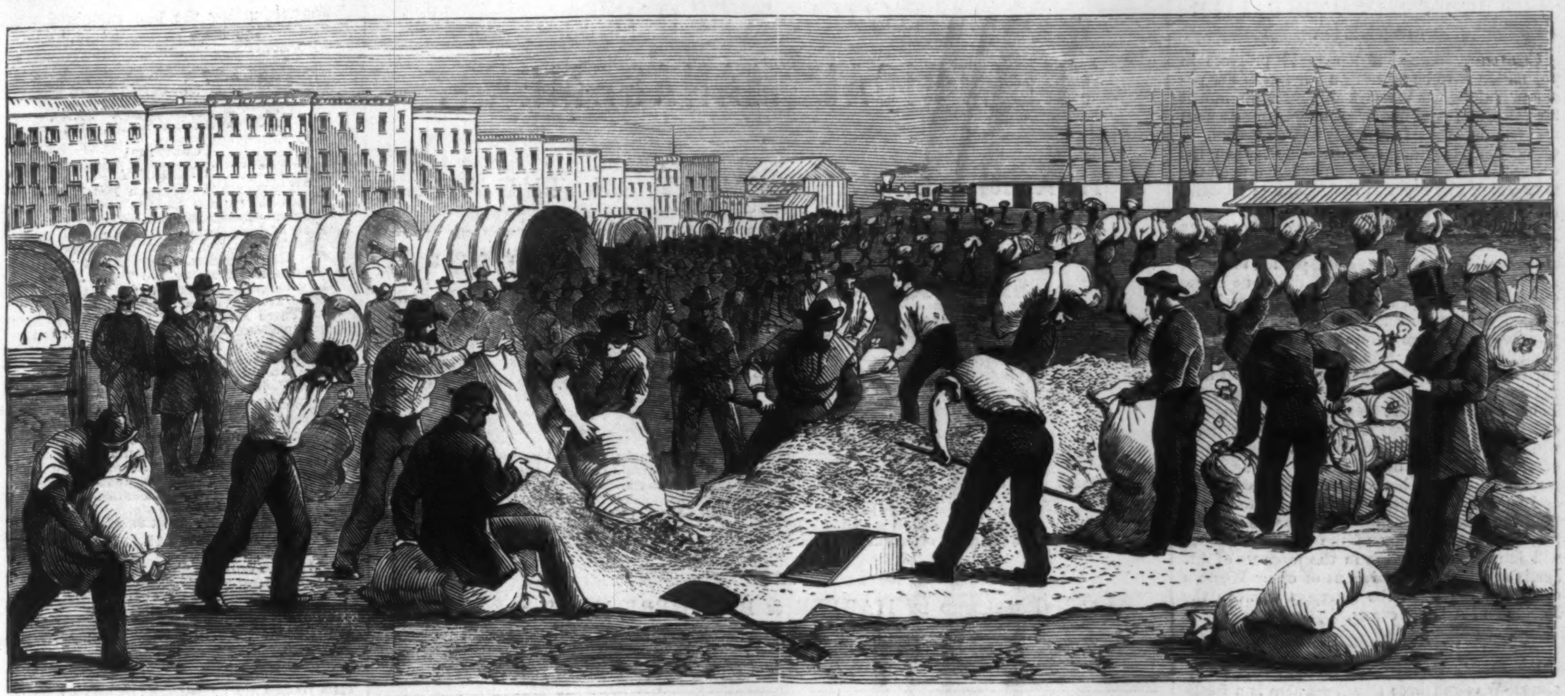
U. S. GRANT, Major-General.

GOVERNOR SEYMOUR'S SPEECH TO THE NEW YORK RIOTERS.

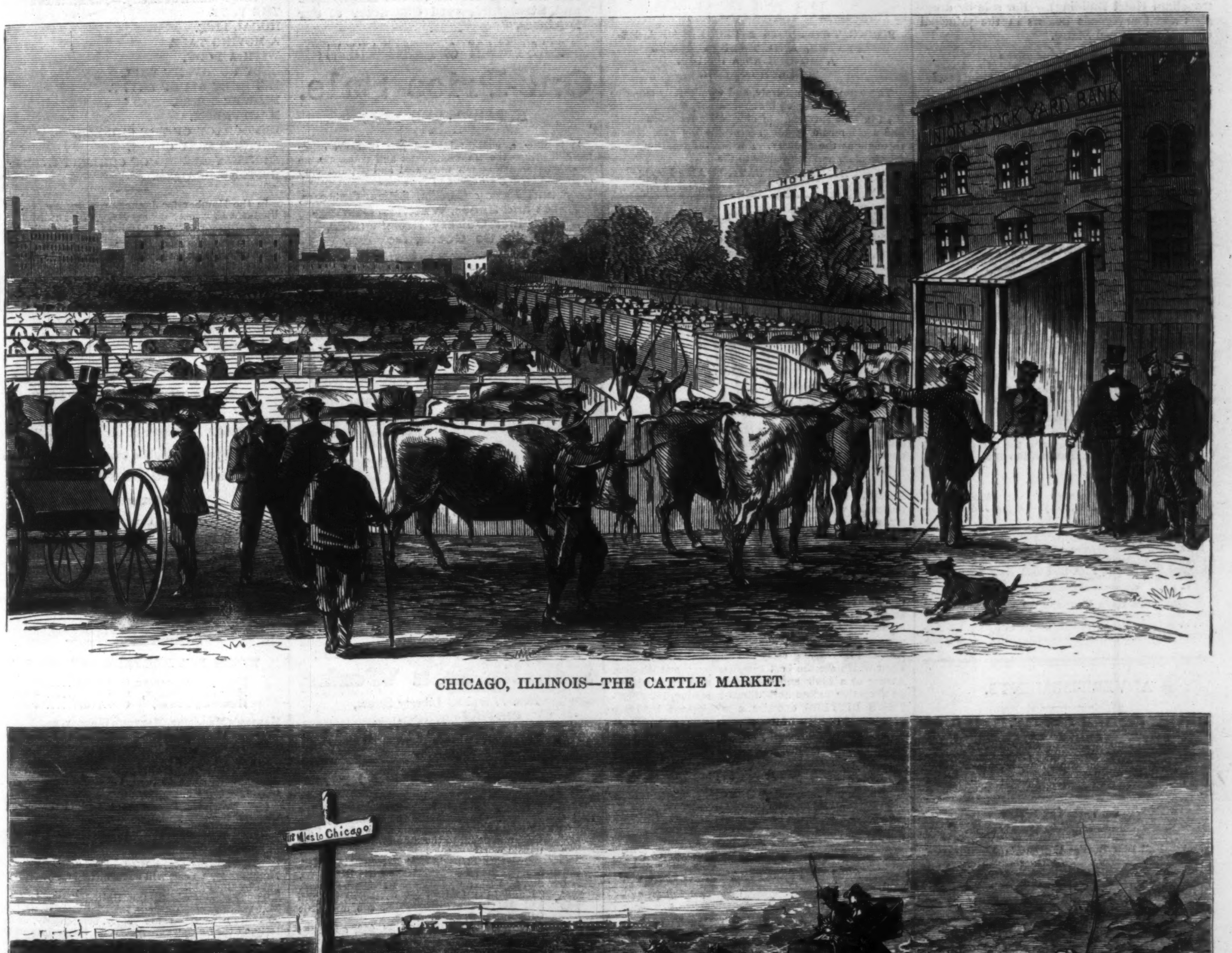
MY FRIENDS,—I have come down from the quiet of the country to see what was the difficulty, to learn what all this trouble was concerning the draft. Let me assure you that I am your friend. [Uproarious cheering.] You have been my friends. [Cries of "yes," "yes"—"that's so"—"we are, and will be again."] And now I assure you, my fellow-citizens, that I am here to show you a test of my friendship. [Cheers.] I wish to inform you that I have sent my Adjutant-General to Washington to confer with the authorities there, and to have this draft suspended and stopped. [Vociferous cheers.] I now ask you as good citizens to wait for his return, and I assure you that I will do all that I can to see that there is no inequality, and no wrong done any one.—NEW YORK TRIBUNE, *July* 14, 1863.



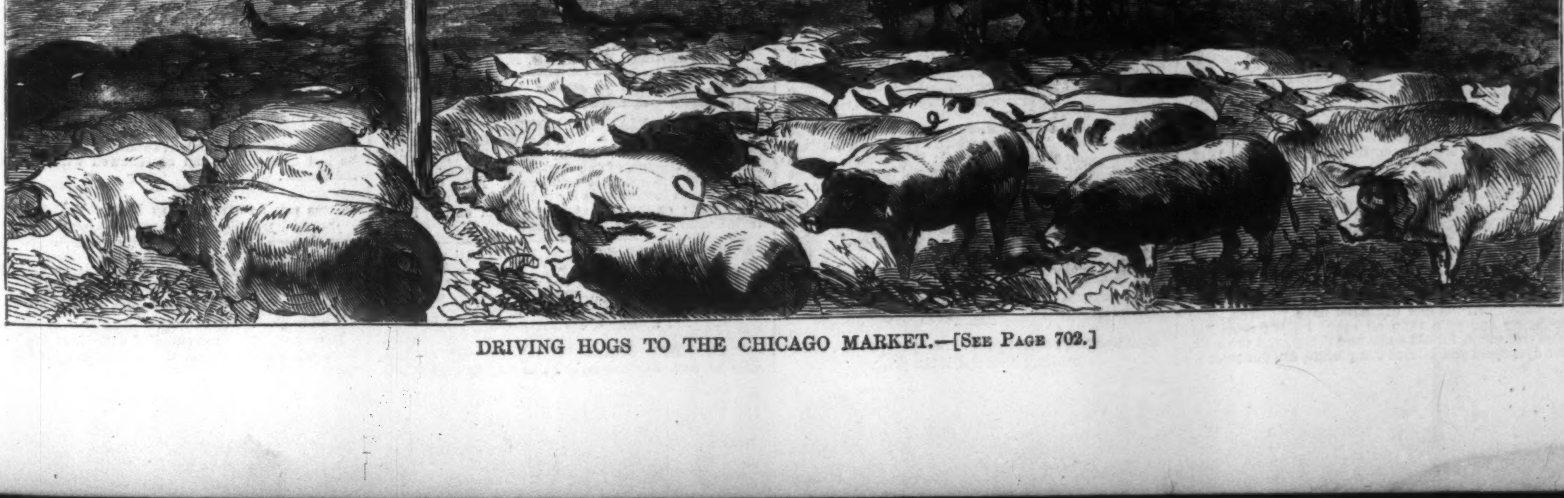
"STOP THIEF!"—A SKETCH OF LIFE IN NEW YORK CITY.



CHICAGO, ILLINOIS—CORN EXCHANGE AND GRAIN MARKET.


HOTEL.
UNION STOCK YARD BANK

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS—THE CATTLE MARKET.


118 Miles to Chicago

DRIVING HOGS TO THE CHICAGO MARKET.—[See Page 702.]

## CHICAGO GRAIN AND CATTLE MARKETS.

CHICAGO, Illinois, if her rapid progress in population is to be taken as a fair test of her position, is the great Western city. Her grain and her cattle and pork not only inundate our Eastern markets, but there is also left a large margin for exportation to Europe. Just now, when the drought in England makes an exaction upon the products of this country, the feature of exportation is a very important one.

One of the illustrations which we give on page 701 shows how the grain is collected at the Corn Exchange—how it is examined, packed in sacks, and loaded; another represents the scene at the Cattle Market; and a third illustration carries us away over a hundred miles from Chicago to the prairies, and brings before us a drove of hogs bound for the city. From these cuts we catch a partial glimpse of Western commerce. But they fail to tell the whole story. Chicago and St. Louis are two of the most active commercial cities in the world. The last ten years have witnessed many improvements in the machinery of exportation. Not only have railroads increased in number between these Western cities and our Eastern ports, but grain elevators have been introduced to facilitate the process of loading, etc. The success of the Pacific Railroad will introduce a new era in the progress of St. Louis and Chicago as well as of other Western cities, making them the entrepôts between the Pacific and Atlantic coasts.

BURNETT'S FLORIMEL, also BURNETT'S COLOGNE-WATER (three sizes).—There is a freshness in these delightful perfumes found in no others. New York Branch, 592 Broadway (Metropolitan Hotel Building). For sale by druggists and fancy-goods dealers in the principal cities of the United States.

ADVERTISING may almost be said to be resolving itself, by careful method, into a science. It is certainly becoming an assumed necessity of the enterprising business man, with whom success by every proper, legitimate means is regarded a duty. Among the honorable and efficient men engaged actively and prosperously in the advertising business, we can refer advisedly to MR. T. C. EVANS, who has earned in this calling a reputation that is itself wealth, for it inspires confidence in all with whom he has dealings, who are many, and confidence is a prime requisite in all business relations. —*Watchman & Reflector* (Sept. 17, 1868).

CAN it be possible that over five million bottles of PLANTATION BITTERS have been sold during the past year? It is almost incredible; nevertheless it is absolutely true, and is the most convincing proof of their wonderful medicinal and health-restoring qualities. Every family should be supplied with these Bitters, at whatever cost or trouble it may be to obtain them. Be careful that you get the genuine, and that you are not imposed upon by a spurious article.

MAGNOLIA WATER.—Superior to the best imported German Cologne, and sold at half the price.

MANHATTAN CO-OPERATIVE RELIEF ASSOCIATION, 658 Broadway, New York City.—Agents wanted.—Send for Circular.

NATIONAL FREE MASON.—The best Masonic paper in the U. S.—$2 per year.—Agents wanted.—Address *National Free Mason*, P.O. Box 5903, New York City.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVED from any part of the body in *five minutes, without injury to the skin*, by UPHAM'S DEPILATORY POWDER. $1 25 by mail. Address S. C. UPHAM, 115 South Seventh St., Philadelphia.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR removing FRECKLES, TAN, PIMPLES, and all other blemishes, use Phalon's "PAPHIAN LOTION." Sold by all druggists. Price $1 25 per bottle.

FOR the *Toilet, Bath*, and *Nursery*, use Phalon's "PAPHIAN SOAP." 25 cts. per cake. Sold by druggists and by PHALON & SON, 517 Broadway, N. Y.

### CATARRH

Cured.—Full Pint Bottles WOLCOTT'S ANNIHILATOR, $1. Test it and WOLCOTT'S PAIN PAINT free, at Dr. WOLCOTT'S Office, 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

### Alaska Diamonds.

A newly-discovered transparent carbonized quartz, equal in brilliancy to the real diamond, mounted at our own factory, in artistic diamond settings, *guaranteed fine gold*, and sold by us at *one fiftieth* of the cost of real diamonds, to which they are equal in every respect except intrinsic value.

Solitaire Ear-Drops, per pair, $5 and $6; Solitaire Finger Rings, $6 and $10; Solitaire Gents' Bosom Pins, $3, $5, $8, $10, $15, $20; Solitaire Gents' Studs, per set, $3, $5, and $10; Cluster Gents' Bosom Pins, $10 and $12; Gents' Cluster Bosom Pin, with tail, $10; Cluster Pin and Earrings, $10 and $25; Cluster Cross, $6, $10, and $15; Cluster Cross Bosom Pin and Earrings, $20 and $25; Cluster Finger Rings, $5, $8, $10, and $12.

We do our business direct from our factory, located in a city which has a world-wide reputation for its fine jewelry.

☞ Orders less than $5 must be accompanied with a Post-Office Order, and the goods sent free. Orders exceeding that amount by express, for collection on delivery, customers paying all express charges. A large discount to the Trade. TRY US. Address

STANLEY, WHIPPLE, & CO., Providence, R. I.

*Holloway's Pills and Ointment* have relieved more suffering and pain than all other known remedies. The Ointment, for old sores and ulcers, and the Pills, for dyspepsia and bilious complaints, are unequaled.

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These powerful, accurate, and wonderfully effective weapons, carrying eighteen charges, which can be fired in nine seconds, are now ready for the market, and are for sale by all the responsible gun dealers throughout the country. For full information, send for circulars and pamphlets to the

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If there is any thing the people thoroughly understand, it is the comparative value of the various medicines offered for their acceptance through the advertising columns of the press. In Scriptural phrase, they *try* all, but only *hold fast to that which is good*. Hence, a medicinal preparation that has been growing in favor with the public for a period of twenty years, and has attained a larger sale than any other remedy of its class ever reached in any country, may be fairly entitled a STANDARD SPECIFIC, touching whose merits there is no room for controversy. Now this is precisely the position of

### Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

As a means of preventing and curing dyspepsia, ordinary indigestion, biliousness, general debility, and nervous affections, it has literally *lived down* all competition, and legitimately taken its place as the foremost vegetable tonic on this continent—*indeed, on this hemisphere*. In view of this *statistical fact*, which may be readily verified by a reference to the Revenue Returns, a few words of seasonable advice, in relation to the use of an article in such general request, will not be considered egotistic or out of place. There is no season which suggests the necessity for a course of this agreeable invigorant more significantly than the Fall. The great contrast between the temperature of the nights and days, and the heavy mephitic mists arising from extensive surfaces of decomposing vegetable matter, necessarily have a depressing effect upon systems partially exhausted by the heat of summer, and therefore greatly needing that strength and vigor which are the best safeguards against disease. Acting as a tonic and stomachic, a blood depurent, an alterative and an anti-bilious medicine, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS exercise a wholesome influence upon every portion of the organization, and prepare it to resist every unhealthy influence. Hence its great value as a Fall medicine.

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Which can not be excelled, is RICHARDSON'S NEW METHOD. Regular sale, 30,000 a year. Sold by all Music Dealers. Price, $3 75. Sent postpaid. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, 277 Washington St., Boston; CHAS. H. DITSON & CO., 711 Broadway, N.Y.

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The writer and compiler of the volume has been himself a victim to the habit which he describes, having eaten more than half a hundredweight of the drug and continued in its uninterrupted use for more than fifteen years. He emancipated himself by a short but painful struggle of six weeks, in which he proceeded from 80 grains a day by diminished doses to its entire abandonment. The story which he tells is interesting without being at all sensational; it is minute enough without being tedious, and its moral lessons of hope and perseverance are none the less impressive from the fact that there is not any attempt to state or enforce them. There is no cant nor preaching in the story, and but very little in the selections which follow it; the author judging wisely enough that the facts preach loudly and forcibly enough, and that to the great majority of opium-eaters their own reflections furnish more preaching than they care to hear or can consent to endorse.—*Nation.*

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To parties sending in clubs of from 10 to 1000 we offer better inducements and larger commissions than any other house. Parties now acting as agents for other houses will observe that we offer as commission for a

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CLUB OF SIXTY—Forty yards *best* Cotton Sheeting.
CLUB OF ONE HUNDRED—Sixty yards *best* Cotton Sheeting, and an equal amount of commission when paid in other goods.

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Our club system of selling is as follows: For $2 we send 20 patent pen fountains, and checks describing 20 different articles to be sold for a dollar each; 30 for $3; 60 for $6; 100 for $10, &c. Sent by mail. Larger commission to getter-up of club than is allowed by any other firm. Single fountain and check, 10 cents. Male and female agents wanted. SEND MONEY IN REGISTERED LETTERS. Send us a trial club, and you will acknowledge that you can not afford to buy goods of any other house thereafter.

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### Harper's Magazine
For NOVEMBER, 1868.

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FLOWER SONGS.
MARTYRDOM.
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EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.

In the Number for January was commenced "*The Woman's Kingdom: a Love Story*," by DINAH MULOCK CRAIK, Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," &c.

The most popular Monthly in the world.—*New York Observer.*

It meets precisely the popular taste, furnishing a pleasing and instructing variety of reading for all.—*Zion's Herald, Boston.*

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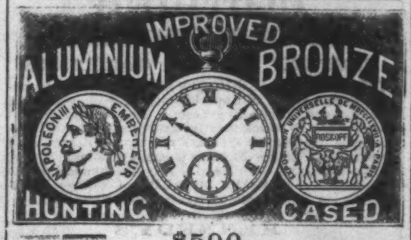

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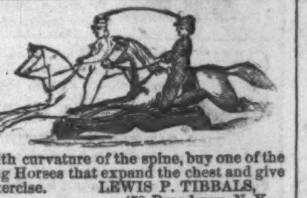

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